"You haven't seen Spider-Man this creepy in ages." — AIPT

SPIDER-MAN

BLACK SUIT & BLOOD

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PETER PARKER HAS THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH, AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER, ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES, AND THE UNIQUE PRECOGNITIVE AWARENESS OF DANGER CALLED "SPIDER-SENSE"! AFTER THE TRAGIC DEATH OF HIS UNCLE BEN, PETER UNDERSTOOD THAT WITH GREAT POWER THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY. HE BECAME THE CRIMEFIGHTING SUPER HERO CALLED THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN.

AFTER THE EVENTS OF SECRET WARS, PETER RETURNED TO NEW YORK CITY WITH A BRAND-NEW COSTUME CREATED BY ALIEN TECHNOLOGY THAT RESPONDED TO HIS VERY THOUGHTS AND GENERATED ORGANIC WEBBING. BUT PETER SOON LEARNED THAT THE COSTUME WAS A LIVING ORGANISM CALLED A SYMBIOTE. AFTER REFUSING THE ALIEN'S ATTEMPTS TO PERMANENTLY BOND TOGETHER, THEY BATTLED FOR CONTROL, AND PETER, ULTIMATELY OUSTED THE CREATURE. OVER THE YEARS, PETER HAS REJOINED THE SYMBIOTE OR WORN A BLACK FABRIC VERSION OF THE COSTUME. THESE ARE SOME OF THOSE UNTOLD TALES. THIS IS:

SPIDER-MAN
BLACK SUIT & BLOOD

#1

"Losing Face"
WRITER J.M. DeMatteis
ARTIST/COLORIST Elena Casagrande

"Inside the House"
WRITER Alyssa Wong
ARTIST/COLORIST Fran Galán

"Dysmorphia"
WRITER/ARTIST/COLORIST Dustin Nguyen

"Fade to Black"
WRITER J. Michael Straczynski
PENCILER Sumit Kumar
INKER Craig Yeung
COLORIST Protobunker's Dono Sánchez-Almara

#2

"The Edge of Rage"
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COLORIST Andres Mossa

"Burgers, Fries and Blood"
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COLORIST Chris Sotomayor

"Shock and Awe"
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#3

"Neighborhood Watch"
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"Whatever Happened to Master Blood?"
WRITER Al Ewing
ARTIST Juann Cabal
COLORIST Edgar Delgado

"Cornerstone"
WRITER/ARTIST/COLORIST Leonardo Romero

#4

"Past Lives"
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"The Achilles Shield"
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"In the Mind of a Master"
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SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

#1

It wasn't much of a funeral--but I wasn't much of a **man.** Joseph Facello--better known as **Joe Face:** A two-bit hood and first class loser...
...who died so broke there wasn't enough money to cover a decent coffin or a burial plot.
To their eternal credit, some of my fellow mooks got together in our favorite dive bar to raise a few bucks so they could stick me in the ground...
...with at least a shred of dignity.
This guy showed up too--**Spider-Man.** Nearly gave my pals coronaries.
But he wasn't there to drag anybody off to the joint.
No, he was there to **help.** Toss a few bucks in the kitty.
Crazy, huh? A guy like **him** wanting to do a solid for a guy like **me.**
But one thing I learned during my 42 pathetic years on this Earth...
...is that **crazy's** just about the only thing you can **count** on.
I used to sell **information** to the Web-Head--you pick up a lot when you're crawling in the gutters--and he always treated me fair and square.
I know the guy never really respected me...
...but, to be honest, I never gave him a **reason** to.
Spider-Man saw me for what I **was.**
REALLY? YOU ***SMASH*** THE FRONT WINDOW AND THEN START BANGING AROUND IN THERE LIKE A ***BULL ELEPHANT***--
But that night...maybe a year before I croaked...he saw something **worse:** Not just a cheap thug.

LOSING FACE

J.M. DeMatteis
Writer
Elena Casagrande
Artist

--AND YOU THINK NO ONE'S GONNA *NOTICE?*
DON' HURT ME, SHPIDER-MAN!
I GIVE UP!
*An inebriated **shipwreck** of a man.*
JUSH SHO Y'KNOW... I DIDN' TAKE NO MONEY... I JUSHT WANTED T'GRAB A FEW *BOTTLES* AN'--
WAIT A MINUTE. JOE? IS THAT *YOU?*
IN THE MORTIFIED *FLESH.*
YOU'RE *DRUNK!*
EKSSHTREMELY.
NOW GO AHEAD...DO YOUR DUTY...*SHLAP* THE HANDCUFFS ON POOR OL' JOE--
--AN' CART 'IM OFF T' THE *HOOSEGOW.*
I DON'T *HAVE* ANY HANDCUFFS. AND, FOR THE RECORD--
--NOBODY SAYS "HOOSEGOW" ANYMORE!
*He **should've** just taken me in. God knows he didn't **owe** me anything.*
It says a lot about the kind of man he is...

...that he took a *different path.*
...FEELING **BETTER?**
"BETTER" IS A RELATIVE CONCEPT--BUT THE COFFEE HELPED. **THANKS,** WEBS.
SO...AH... CAN I **ASK** YOU SOMETHIN'?
HOW COME I DIDN'T HAND YOU OVER TO THE **POLICE?**
But I already knew the answer: He needed to understand...
...how a man could fall **so far.** So I told him...
...about a kid with smarts, promise, and a loving family--who hated rules, adored trouble, and fell **too much** in love with the juice.
I CLEANED UP MY ACT FOR A FEW YEARS THERE. FOOLED A GOOD WOMAN INTO LOVING ME.
THEN I TORPEDOED OUR MARRIAGE--AND **BROKE HER HEART.**
ISABELLA BOOTED ME OUT--WITH **GOOD REASON.**
HAVEN'T SEEN MY SON IN ALMOST **TWO YEARS.**
HE'S **YOUR** BIGGEST FAN, BY THE WAY. AIN'T **THAT** A LAUGH?
I'VE EITHER BEEN IN JAIL OR AT THE BOTTOM OF A BOTTLE EVER SINCE.
I'M A **LOST CAUSE,** WEBS. MAYBE I'M BETTER OFF IN--
YOU'RE **NOT** A LOST CAUSE, JOE--YOU'RE JUST **HUMAN.**
WE ALL HAVE OUR TROUBLES. WE ALL HAVE OUR PAIN AND REGRETS. THE QUESTION IS--
--WHAT DO WE **DO** WITH THEM?
LOOK, I CAN DROP YOU AT THE PRECINCT **RIGHT NOW**--OR YOU CAN MAKE ME A **PROMISE.**
WHAT'S THAT?
GET HELP. **REAL** HELP.
DO EVERYTHING YOU CAN TO TURN YOUR LIFE AROUND.
DEAL.
BUT I GOTTA ASK **WHY?** WHY TAKE A GAMBLE ON A GUY LIKE **ME?**
No answer. All he said was--

I'LL BE WATCHING.
As he swung off, I couldn't help wondering about his pain. His regrets. I mean, a guy doesn't do what Spider-Man did for me...
...unless he's been there himself.
For once, I was a man of my word. Joined A.A. Got myself a job. Don't know how successful I was at either--but I tried, I really did.
The wife even let me see Joe Jr. again. Now that made it all worthwhile.
Thank You!
As for Isabella--well, I knew she'd never take me back, but just having a chance to sit with her, talk with her, like old times? I was a happy man.
For a while.
THWIP
DON'T YOU KNOW THOSE THINGS WILL KILL YOU?
HEY! YOU WANNA TAKE AWAY WHAT LITTLE PLEASURE I HAVE IN LIFE?
IN THIS CASE? YES.
I WAS A LITTLE SURPRISED WHEN I SAW YOUR CODED AD IN THE BUGLE PERSONALS, JOE. THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT OF THE "SNITCH FOR MONEY" BIZ.
BAGGIN' GROCERIES DON'T EXACTLY MAKE ME BILL GATES. BESIDES--

--THIS IS BIG!
KIDS, SPIDER-MAN! A BUNCH OF RUSSIAN LOWLIFES TRAFFICKING KIDS! DOIN'...DOIN' GOD KNOWS WHAT T' THEM!
THEY'RE MOVIN' 'EM INTO SOME DUMP ON STATEN ISLAND LATER TONIGHT! YOU GOTTA STOP 'EM, WEBS! YOU CAN'T LET--
SLOW DOWN, JOE! TAKE A DEEP BREATH!
NOW, YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THIS?
YEAH, YEAH! I GOT THE ADDRESS RIGHT HERE!
I MEAN... KIDS, Y'KNOW? WHAT KINDA SICKOS WOULD--?
DON'T WORRY.
I'VE GOT THIS.
WELL DONE, JOSEPH.
KLK
YOU'RE AN EXCELLENT LIAR.
JUST... JUST MAKE SURE I GET PAID, OKAY?
WE'LL SEE HOW THIS ALL TURNS OUT. AND THEN--

"--WE'LL SETTLE UP."
KLANNK
WHA...?
THWIP
HUH...?!

He heard movement in the basement...
...and headed straight down...
...into a trap.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
No kidnapped children. No Russians. Just **Jimmy "The Mouth" Delgado,** a low-level mobster from Salt Lake City...
...who thought he could make his name-- maybe build an empire-- in the Big Apple...

...if he took down Spider-Man.
SO, THIS IS THE GREAT HERO, HUH? SEEMS T' ME YOU'RE JUST A PUNK LIKE ANY OTHER.
BUT AROUND THIS TOWN? FOR SOME REASON, THEY THINK YOU'RE THE REAL DEAL.
SO WHEN I DO WHAT BIG SHOTS LIKE KINGPIN, TOMBSTONE, AND HAMMERHEAD NEVER COULD--
--YANK THAT MASK OFF...SHOW THE WORLD YOUR FACE AN' A DEAD BODY T' GO WITH IT--
--JIMMY DELGADO AND HIS CREW ARE GONNA OWN NEW YORK.
OF COURSE-- CREDIT WHERE CREDIT'S DUE--I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT THE HELP OF YOUR LITTLE PAL.
S-SORRY, WEBS. I...I DIDN'T WANNA DO IT, BUT--
--BUT THE MONEY WAS TOO GOOD T' TURN DOWN, RIGHT? THE MONEY--
--AND THE LIQUID COURAGE IT CAN BUY YOU.
HERE YA GO, JOE. THIS STUFF'S THREE HUNDRED A BOTTLE--BUT IT'S ON THE HOUSE.
TH-THANK YOU.
WHAT?
THANK YOU, MR. DELGADO.
THAT'S MORE--
KLIK
--LIKE IT...?
KLAK
WHAT THE HELL?! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY GUYS?! WHERE'D THE SPIDER GO?!
HAW-HAW-HAW!
WHAT'RE YOU LAUGHIN' AT?
HE'S LAUGHING AT YOU, JIMMY.
MUCH AS I HATE TO BOAST--
WELL, ACTUALLY, I LOVE IT!
--I'VE TAKEN ON SUPER-POWERED PSYCHOPATHS LIKE THE GREEN GOBLIN AND DOCTOR OCTOPUS.
SNICKER SNORT

DID YOU **HONESTLY** THINK YOUR SMALL-TOWN CLOWNS WERE A MATCH FOR **ME?**
BUT I **SAW** IT! THEY--
YOU SAW WHAT I **WANTED** YOU TO SEE. I KNEW **ALL ABOUT** YOUR LITTLE AMBUSH.
JOE TIPPED ME OFF **LONG** BEFORE WE HAD THAT *TÊTE-À-TÊTE* IN THE ALLEY, AND--
AND HE'S GONNA **PAY** FOR IT!
NOW I'M GONNA TAKE THIS TRAITOR AN' WALK RIGHT OUTTA HERE--
--AN' **YOU'RE** NOT GONNA DO ANYTHING T' STOP--
TUNNK
...OOOF...!
KRAKSH!
BRAVO, JOSEPH! BRAVO!
THANKS, WEBS! I...I DIDN'T THINK I **HAD** IT IN ME!
CLAP CLAP CLAP
Three greatest days of my life?
*1) When I married **Isabella.***
*2) When **Joe Jr.** was born.*
*3) When I knocked Jimmy "The Mouth" **flat on his ass.***
...I'M THINKING YOU SHOULD GET OUT OF THE CITY FOR A WHILE. Y'KNOW, TILL THINGS **COOL DOWN.**
I COULD GO STAY WITH MY COUSIN BOBBY IN **IDAHO.** MAYBE INVITE IZZY AND THE KID TO COME OUT AN' VISIT.
YOU **NEVER KNOW** WHAT'LL HAPPEN.
C'MON, BUDDY--

"--LET ME GIVE YOU A LIFT HOME!"
Like I said--one of the **greatest days** of my life.
I'd love to tell you that I was a **reformed man** after that. Truth is, after a couple months in Idaho, I went **stir-crazy.**
Headed back to New York. Started drinking again. Running scams, petty theft, nights in jail. All the usual nonsense. And then...
...a damn **heart attack.** One minute I was in boozy bliss. The next? Dead as a boot.
"MY DEAR FATHER, WE ARE SAVED!" CRIED THE MARIONETTE. "ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS GET TO SHORE AND--"
PINOCCHIO
CREEEK
NOTHING TO BE **ALARMED** ABOUT, MRS. FACELLO. IT'S JUST **ME.**
SPIDER-MAN!
WHEN...WHEN I GOT YOUR **CALL,** I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS REALLY YOU.
THE **ONE AND ONLY.**
AND...AND **YOU** KNEW MY **DAD?**
SURE **DID.**
WE WORKED **TOGETHER.**
NO KIDDING?
NO KIDDING. GUESS YOU COULD SAY HE WAS MY...**UNOFFICIAL PARTNER.**
HELPED ME TAKE DOWN SOME **VERY** DANGEROUS CRIMINALS.
SO--HE WAS A **HERO?** LIKE **YOU?**
WELL, CONSIDERING YOUR DAD DIDN'T HAVE ANY **SUPER-POWERS**--AND WENT AFTER THE BAD GUYS ANYWAY--
--I'D SAY **HE** WAS THE **BETTER MAN.**
PINOCCHIO
In the end, what was I to **him?** Just a footnote in the Spider-Man story. An **asterisk** at the bottom of a page.
But he went out of his way to do right by me. By my family. And I swear I'll be **grateful...**
...forever.
END.

"THESE ARE THE FORGERIES OF JEALOUSY--
"--AND NEVER, SINCE THE MIDDLE SUMMER'S SPRING, MET WE ON HILL, IN DALE, FOREST, OR MEAD..."
FOREST *OR* MEAD. COME ON, *MJ,* YOU KNOW THIS MONOLOGUE.
PETER'S BEEN ACTING *STRANGE* LATELY.
SKSKK
...HELLO?
ALMOST LIKE HE'S NOT QUITE *HIMSELF.*
SKSKK
PETER?
HE'S *HIDING* SOMETHING FROM ME.
AND I'M STARTING TO THINK IT'S

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

Alyssa Wong
Writer

Fran Galán
Artist

I KEEP HEARING SOMETHING *MOVING*, JUST OUT OF *SIGHT.*
SOMETIMES, IT SOUNDS LIKE IT'S *CRAWLING* IN THE *WALLS.*
skskt
WHERE ARE YOU?
"...BY PAVED FOUNTAIN OR BY RUSHY BROOK...
SOMETIMES *UNDER* THE *FLOORBOARDS.*
skittr
"...OR IN THE BEACHED MARGENT OF THE SEA..."
BUT WITHOUT FAIL, I *ALWAYS* HEAR IT...
...WHEN *PETER COMES TO BED* AT NIGHT.
KRASH!
THE *BEDROOM!*

"T-TO DANCE OUR RINGLETS TO THE WHISTLING WIND...
AFTER I FOUND OUT ABOUT *SPIDER-MAN*, WE PROMISED WE WERE *DONE* KEEPING SECRETS FROM EACH OTHER.
KNOCK 'EM DEAD TODAY, TIGER.
WHEN DID THAT CHANGE?
PETER? ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY?
I--I JUST HAVEN'T BEEN SLEEPING WELL LATELY.
GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR AUDITION TODAY, *MARY JANE*. YOU'LL DO GREAT.
BREAK A LEG.
KLIK
WHEN DID YOU STOP *TRUSTING* ME, PETER?
"...BUT WITH THY BRAWLS--
"--THOU HAST *DISTURB'D* OUR SPORT!"
WHAT *ELSE* ARE YOU HIDING?

AAHH!
WHUSH!
skrii!
HHAH...!
IT'S JUST A RAT.
skittr
I *KNOW* IT'S NOT JUST A RAT.

THERE IS *SOMETHING UGLY* LIVING IN THIS HOUSE.
I KNOW IF I *LOOK*, IT'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND ME.
AND I'M AFRAID THAT IF I *DO*, WHAT I SEE WILL SPLINTER US APART.
SO I *WON'T*.
KLIK
MAYBE PETER BROUGHT IT HOME WITH HIM. BUT NOW IT BELONGS TO *BOTH* OF US.
PETER HASN'T BEEN FEELING LIKE HIMSELF LATELY.
AND NEITHER HAVE *I*.
END.

I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN IT STARTED-- IT'S BEEN *NIGHTS* OF RUNNING IT FEELS LIKE.
OOF!
IT'S NEAR, I CAN *SENSE* IT.
LIKE A DREAM... A NIGHTMARE, HOVERING ABOVE ME.

ARGH! CAN'T EVEN GET WEBBING OUT!
CAN'T FIGHT IT. NOT IN THIS CONDITION.
NEVER FACED ANYTHING LIKE THIS. GOTTA GET AWAY.
GOTTA OUTRUN THIS THING FOR NOW.
CAN'T FEEL MY OWN FEET.

IT'S GAINING!
COME ON, COME ON, COME ON.

KRAK
WHAM
THUMP
~SIGH~
OW...
CAN'T ESCAPE...
...WHAT'S ALREADY A PART OF ME...
NO...
NO... NO...
...!

Dysmorphia

by Dustin Nguyen

END.

FADE TO BLACK

J. Michael Straczynski
Writer
Sumit Kumar
Penciler
Craig Yeung
Inker
Dono Sánchez-Almara
Colorist

SHOULD I JUST MEET YOU THERE, PETER?
NO, MJ, I'LL BE THERE IN TWO SHAKES--JUST HAVE TO STOP BY THE APARTMENT TO CHANGE REAL QUICK.
THEY'RE SAYING IT'S GOING TO BE QUITE A PARTY. RUMOR IS THE KARDASHIANS ARE GOING TO SHOW UP.
TRICK OR TREAT!
REALLY? OKAY, WELL...
...WE'LL GO ANYWAY.
YOU'RE SUCH A NERD.
YEAH, BUT THAT'S WHY YOU LOVE ME, RIGHT?
RIGHT?
...SURE.
YOU JUST THINK YOU'RE TOUGH!
TOUGHER THAN YOU!
TAKE IT BACK!
SEE? WHAT A LITTLE WHINER.
YEAH, WELL, IF YOU'RE SO TOUGH, WHY IS THE PRICE TAG STILL ON YOUR COSTUME?
MARKED DOWN. FROM LAST YEAR.
MOMMMM! TOMMY'S BEING MEAN!
ANYWAY, MJ, I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I'M IN THE CAB. SEE YOU IN A BIT.
COPY THAT.
HAH! WHINER!

I DON'T WANT TO BE A PARTY POOPER... WELL, MORE THAN USUAL...BUT A PARTY IS THE LAST THING ON MY MIND RIGHT NOW.
LUCK OF THE DRAW, DATE WISE. HALLOWEEN FALLS ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DAY WE WERE ALL ON *BATTLEWORLD--*
--AND MY COSTUME GOT DAMAGED, AND I THOUGHT I'D FOUND A FABRIC REPLICATOR.
BUT I GOT MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR, BONDING WITH THE *SYMBIOTE.* TOOK FOREVER TO SHAKE THAT CREEP OFF ME.
DON'T KNOW WHY I'M LETTING THAT GET ME DOWN TODAY. OLD NEWS, RIGHT?
IS IT?
ARE YOU *SURE?*
I CHECK THE MIRROR. HE'S NOT ACTUALLY THERE. I GUESS I'M MORE TIRED THAN I THOUGHT--
NO, YOU'RE NOT TIRED, AND YES, I'M *HERE* AND I'M *REAL.*
AND *I'M* THE ONE WHO'S TIRED.

I'M THE *WHISPER* THAT STUCK AROUND WHEN THE REST OF ME LEFT AND BECAME VENOM...HIDDEN DEEP INSIDE YOUR DNA, BECAUSE THERE'S ENOUGH STORAGE ROOM IN THERE TO HOLD EVERY BOOK EVER WRITTEN...AND ME.
WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT, THIS...ANNIVERSARY, TO WAKE US BOTH *UP*.
SEE, I'M THE *BACKUP CODE*, THE *RESTORE POINT*, THAT WOULD PUT IT ALL BACK TO THE WAY IT *WAS* WHEN THE *REST* OF ME GETS INVITED *BACK*.
YEAH, WELL, THAT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN. I DON'T *NEED* YOU OR *IT*.
ONCE I REALIZED WHY I WAS *DRAWN* TO YOU, AND TO THE *BLACK SUIT* I MADE LATER, YOUR *HOLD* OVER ME BROKE.
OH, AND WHAT WAS THAT, PRAY TELL?
WHEN I WORE IT, I DIDN'T HAVE TO *PRETEND* ANYMORE. I COULD BE WHAT *SPIDER-MAN* NEEDED TO BE TO GET THE JOB DONE.
DIDN'T NEED TO PRETEND?
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING WHEN YOU'RE WEARING THE RED COSTUME?
LET ME GIVE YOU A CLUE, PAL O'MINE, ***YOU'RE STILL PRETENDING!*** THAT'S WHAT COSTUMES ARE ***FOR!***
IT LETS YOU RUN OUT INTO THE STREET AND DO WHAT *PETER PARKER* CAN'T!
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY. IT'S THE TRUTH.
WELL, IT'S A TRUTH, SURE...BUT IT'S NOT *THE* TRUTH.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE?
THRILL ME.

THERE ARE FIVE KINDS OF TRUTH. THE TRUTH YOU TELL STRANGERS, THE TRUTH YOU TELL CASUAL FRIENDS AND FAMILY, THE TRUTH YOU TELL ONLY A FEW PEOPLE IN YOUR LIFE, THE TRUTH YOU TELL *YOURSELF*--
--AND THE TRUTH YOU CAN'T EVEN ADMIT TO YOURSELF.
I'M TRUTH NUMBER FIVE.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
"WHEN WE WERE *ONE*, A *POWER* FLOWED THROUGH YOU POTENTIALLY GREATER EVEN THAN YOUR *OWN*. AND THAT GAVE YOU *TWO* THINGS YOU DID NOT HAVE BEFORE.
"FIRST, IT GAVE YOU SOMEONE TO *BLAME* WHEN YOU *ACTED OUT* WITH GREATER *VIOLENCE* THAN USUAL.
"'IT WASN'T *ME* DOING THOSE TERRIBLE THINGS--IT WAS THAT... THAT *THING!*'
"FOR A MAN WHO *PRIDED* HIMSELF ON HIS *GUILT* FOR EVERY LITTLE THING HE EVER DID *WRONG*--
"--WE GAVE YOU *EXPIATION*, AN *EXCUSE*, SOMEONE *OUTSIDE* YOURSELF TO *BLAME*. WE GAVE YOU A *SCAPEGOAT*.
"AND A MAN CAN GO FAR ON THAT."

SECOND, BECAUSE YOU WERE ACTING *WITH* US AND *FOR* US...FOR SOMETHING THAT WAS *BIGGER* THAN YOU WERE...IT GAVE YOU *AUTHORITY.*
AND WHAT IS *AUTHORITY, MORAL* OR OTHERWISE, BUT JUST ANOTHER *COSTUME?*
THE POLICE OFFICER IN HIS *UNIFORM* HAS THE *LEGAL* AUTHORITY TO ARREST YOU... A *PRIEST* IN HIS *ROBE* HAS THE *MORAL* AUTHORITY TO *FORGIVE* YOU... A DOCTOR IN A *LAB COAT* HAS THE POWER TO *SAVE* YOU.
"THEIR COSTUMES MARK THEM AS *REPRESENTATIVES* OF A HIGHER POWER, A GREATER *AUTHORITY.*
"IF A JUDGE CAME TO THE BENCH IN JUST A SUIT AND TIE, DO YOU THINK NOBODY WOULD *RECOGNIZE* HER? SO, WHAT'S THE POINT OF THE ROBE?
"THE *JUDGE* WEARS IT SO SHE'S CONSTANTLY REMINDED THAT SHE'S NOT JUST A *PERSON*. THAT SHE REPRESENTS THE *POWER* AND *AUTHORITY* OF THE *STATE*."

YOU MADE THAT RED COSTUME WHEN YOU WERE JUST A *KID*. KIDS DON'T *HAVE* AUTHORITY. NEITHER DID YOU. IT WAS THE *JUVENILE* VERSION, NOTHING MORE THAN A *HALLOWEEN COSTUME* TO HIDE YOUR *FACE*.
"WE MADE YOU AN *ADULT*...GAVE YOU *POWER* AND *AUTHORITY* AND SOMEONE TO *BLAME* IF THINGS WENT WRONG."
AND YOU MISS THAT, PETER. YOU MISS IT *BADLY*. *THAT'S* WHY YOU MADE THAT SPANDEX *IMPERSONATOR* FOR WHO WE WERE AND WHAT WE *GAVE* YOU. TO REMIND YOU WHAT ALL THAT *FELT* LIKE.
THE BLACK SUIT'S NOT ABOUT FREEDOM TO BE YOURSELF. YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO THAT *IS*.
IT'S ABOUT RELIVING THE MOMENT WHEN *YOU* WERE *US*... WHEN YOU HAD *POWER* AND *AUTHORITY* AND WERE UTTERLY FREE OF *GUILT*.
AND *THAT'S* WHY I'M HERE TODAY, PETER. TO OFFER THAT BACK TO YOU, ONE LAST TIME.

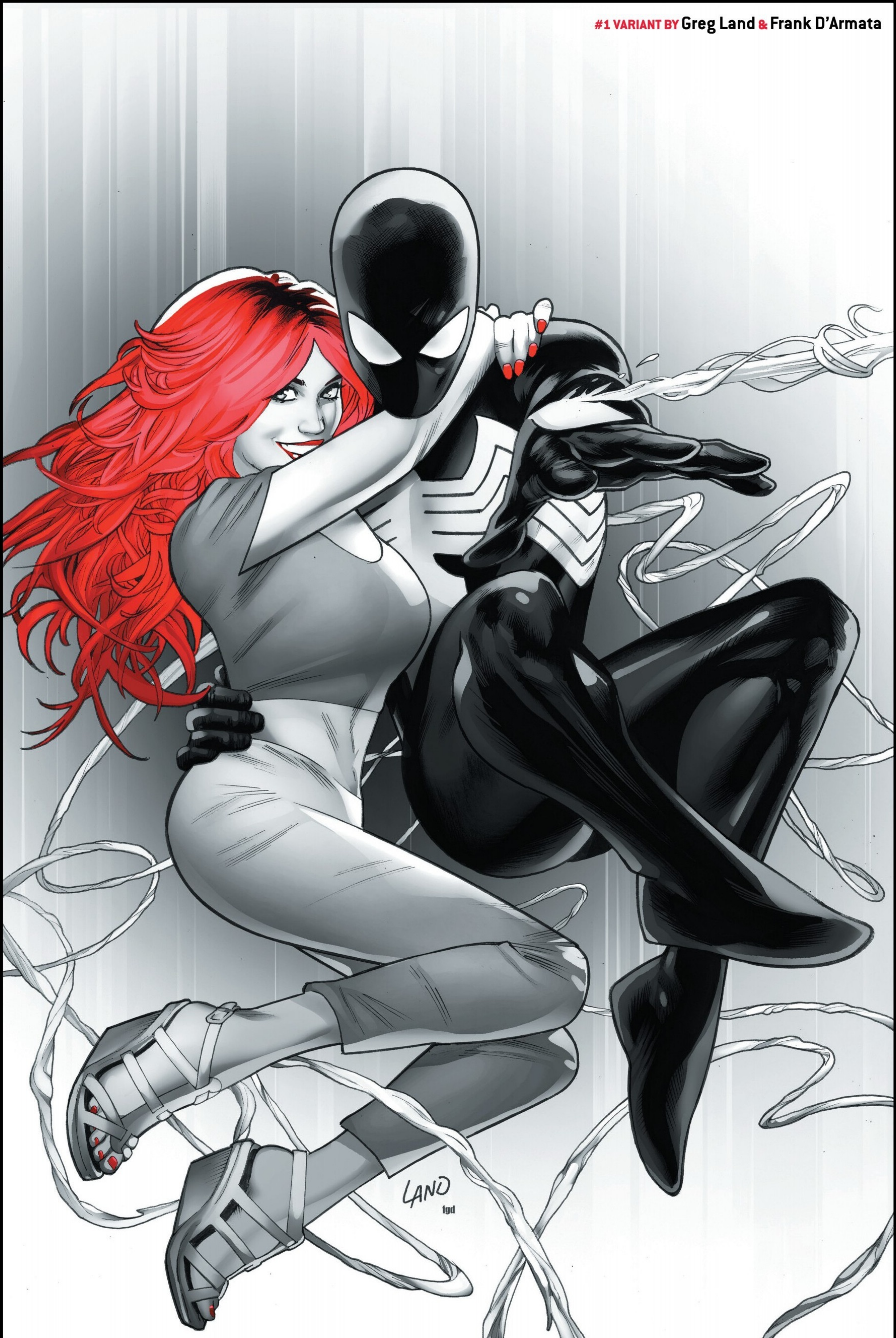
I'M A *WHISPER* OF WHAT WAS, AN *ECHO*, AN *EMBER*--
--BUT IF YOU *BREATHE* ON THAT EMBER AND ALLOW ME TO COME FORTH, YOU CAN HAVE THOSE THINGS. YOU, *WE*, CAN BE WHAT WE WERE BEFORE.
EXCEPT UNLIKE THE *REST* OF ME, I HAVE NO *DESIRE* TO RUN THE BOARD. *THIS* TIME, *YOU* WOULD BE IN CHARGE. AND I WOULD MERELY BE--
--AT YOUR SERVICE. ACTING IN *YOUR* AUTHORITY. OTHERWISE--
--I WILL DIE. BECAUSE REACHING OUT TO HAVE THIS CONVERSATION HAS TAKEN THE LAST OF MY REMAINING ENERGY.
SAY YES, PETER. LET'S GET THE BAND BACK TOGETHER, ON *YOUR* TERMS.
NO.

THING IS, YOU'RE NOT WRONG. THERE WERE MOMENTS I *DID* ENJOY THOSE THINGS. WHICH IS *EXACTLY* THE REASON I BOOTED *YOU* AND THE *REST* OF YOU OUT THE DOOR.
"FEELING *GUILT* WHEN WE'VE HURT SOMEONE WE *LOVE*--
"--OR IN A MOMENT OF FOOLISHNESS, ALLOWED SOMEONE *ELSE* TO DO THE HURTING--
"--IT REMINDS US THAT WE ARE PART OF A *COMMUNITY* AND A *FAMILY.*
"THAT IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT *US.*
BEN PARKER
"IF WE CAN BE *STRONG* ENOUGH NOT TO LET THE GUILT *DESTROY* US--
"--OR WE HAVE SOMEONE IN OUR LIFE WHO CAN GIVE US A LITTLE OF *THEIR* STRENGTH WHEN WE NEED IT--
"--WE CAN GO ON.
"AND WE CAN BECOME MORE THAN WE EVER IMAGINED.
"OUT IN THE OPEN. WITHOUT BLAMING ANYBODY ELSE OR LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO SAY IT'S OKAY TO BE THOSE THINGS AND DO THOSE THINGS."
BECAUSE WE'RE NOT ALONE. AND THAT'S THE *REAL* REASON WE'RE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION, ISN'T IT?
YOU, VENOM, CARNAGE... YEAH, YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT, BUT IN THE END, YOU'RE ALL ALONE.

YOU'RE DYING. AND YOU'RE ALONE.
AND YOU DON'T WANT TO DIE ALONE.
AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, AFTER THIS TALK, I'M GENUINELY SORRY ABOUT THAT. BUT I CAN'T GO BACK. EVER.
AND YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT SOME OF THE THINGS I *FELT* WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER. BIGGER. STRONGER. MORE POWERFUL. MORE OF A BADASS.
LIKE THEY SAY, CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN.
AND HERE'S THE BIG SECRET. THE MAIN REASON I STILL WEAR THE BLACK COSTUME.
YOU'RE RIGHT, I'M A NERD.
AND EVEN NERDS LIKE TO FEEL LIKE A BADASS ONCE IN A WHILE.
WE GET DRESSED UP TO SEE OUR SWEETIE, BECAUSE IT'S AN EVENT, BECAUSE EVERY NIGHT WE GET TO SEE OUR SWEETIE IS AN EVENT.
WE TURN OUT IN BASIC BLACK, AND WE'RE STYLIN', AND WE'RE WITH SOMEONE WE CARE ABOUT MORE THAN LIFE ITSELF--

--AND WE RIDE THE NIGHT TO THE OTHER SIDE OF DAWN, NEVER LOOKING BACK.
END.

#1 VARIANT BY Greg Land & Frank D'Armata



#2

THIS NEW SUIT IS *SO INTUITIVE.* I'M REALLY GETTING A *KICK* OUT OF IT.
AND I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO REMEMBER MY EXTRA *WEB-FLUID* EITHER.
NEW HOST TALKS... *A LOT...*
UH-OH. *INCOMING!*
AAGH!
I GOTCHA, OFFICER.
WHO'RE *YOU?!*
DOES *NO ONE* RECOGNIZE THE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD *SPIDER-MAN* ANYMORE?

WHAT'S ALL THE *HUBBUB*, BUB?
LOOK!
PASS
POLICE DO NOT TRESPASS
POLICE DO
SCREEEEEE!
MORBIUS!
WHO IS... *THIS...?*
I *WON'T* LET HIM HURT ANYONE ELSE.
HE IS... *HUNGRY...*
DROP THE COP, MORBIE...

...OR *I* DROP YOU!
WHAM
SKRIIIP
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN *THAT*, MORBIE.
HOW COULD MICHAEL BE SO *IRRESPONSIBLE?*
HE'S ENDANGERING LIVES, AND HE DOESN'T EVEN *CARE!*

THIS MORBIE IS...*FAST*...
AND HE MAKES HOST...*ANGRY*...
TRAIN YOUR GUNS ON MORBIUS.
DON'T SHOOT!
POLIC
NONE OF YOU ARE THAT GOOD A SHOT!
YOU'LL WING *SPIDEY!*
GNNF. DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE A *HUGGER,* MIKEY.
HE IS... *STRONG*...
NO SMART WORDS, SPIDER-MAN?
GUESS I'LL... HAFTA TAKE... A PAGE...
...FROM *PUNISHER!*
KRAK
OR MY FRIEND *MOON KNIGHT!*
KRASH
HOST FEELS... *RAGE*...
YES... *MORE*...
MORBIUS'LL BE SORRY HE *EVER* CAME BACK TO NEW YORK.
HE WON'T *LIVE* TO CAUSE ANY MORE PAIN.
YES...HIT MORBIUS... *HARDER*...
BECAUSE I'M GOING TO *END* HIM!
HOST HAS LOST... *CONTROL*...

MAN, SPIDEY'S REALLY GIVING IT TO THE OL' VAMPIRE, AIN'T HE?
THINK WE SHOULD STOP HIM?
YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE SPIDEY?
BE MY GUEST.
WILL HOST... KILL...?
HOST... WANTS TO...
WH-WHAT AM I DOING?
YOU SURE THIS IS THE SAME SPIDER-MAN?
DUNNO... THIS GUY'S WAY ROUGHER.
I'VE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
HE STOPPED... WHY?
uhh...

WHAT'S GOTTEN *INTO* ME?
I ALMOST TORE MORBIUS' *HEAD OFF!*
GET A *HANDLE* ON YOURSELF, PARKER.
HOST FEELS... REGRET...
MAYBE SOME TIME WITH *AUNT MAY* WILL CLEAR MY HEAD.
ANOTHER... IS HERE.

HEY, PARKER, YOU *HOME?*
WHAT'RE *YOU* DOING HERE, THOMPSON?
SPIDEY? WOW!
LOVIN' THE *NEW SUIT!*
YOU HERE TO *BULLY* PETER PARKER SOME MORE?
THAT'S HOW YOU GET YOUR *KICKS,* ISN'T IT?
MORE... *FURY...*
I DUNNO WHAT YOU'RE *TALKING* ABOUT.
PETER AND I BURIED THE HATCHET.
WE'RE *BUDS* NOW!
THAT'S NOT WHAT *I* HEAR.
WANT TO... *FEEL* IT...

YOU'VE *TORTURED* PARKER FOR *YEARS!*
I *KNOW*, HE'S TOLD ME *ALL* ABOUT WHAT A SNOT-NOSED *PUNK* YOU WERE.
SO IF YOU THINK ALL THAT'S *EASILY FORGIVEN...*
...THEN YOU'VE TAKEN *MORE HITS* ON THE FIELD THAN YOU REMEMBER.
POKE
I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU NEAR PETER PARKER *EVER AGAIN!*
GAH!
KERASH

HMPH... FLASH THOMPSON... WHAT A *JERK!*
HMM... NEW HUMAN... *INTERESTING...*
WHAT'S GOTTEN *INTO* YOU, SPIDEY?
I LIKE HIM.
END.

THE EDGE OF RAGE

Erica Schultz
Writer
Marcelo Ferreira
Penciler
Roberto Poggi
Inker
Andres Mossa
Inker
VC's Joe Caramagna
Letterer

A FEW HOURS AGO, I WAS *HUNGRY*.
REALLY HUNGRY.
PLANNED TO HURRY TO AUNT MAY'S FOR A *HULK*-SIZED PORTION OF LASAGNA.
COULD USE A LITTLE MORE *ZING*, BUT SHE DOES HER BEST. WOULD'VE BEEN *GREAT*...
...BUT *DOC OCK* SHOWED UP, REQUIRING *IMMEDIATE* ATTENTION.
AFTER SOME EXTENSIVE ACTION, FISTICUFFS AND DEEPLY PERSONAL INSULTS THAT LEFT HIM WEBBED TO A SNOWPLOW...
...I'M *GALACTUS-SNARF-DOWN-A-PLANET* LEVEL *STARVING*.

BURGERS, FRIES AND BLOOD

Dan Jurgens Writer/Artist
Brett Breeding Finisher
Chris Sotomayor Colorist
VC's Joe Caramagna Letterer

FORTUNATELY, CHEZ FAST FOOD WAS STILL OPEN. MAY NOT BE A FIVE-STAR GOURMET MEAL...
...BUT IT'S FOOD.
HEALTHY?
PROLLY NOT.
PERFECT FOR THE MOMENT?
DEFINITIVE YES.
LESSEE... TRIPLE-FUDGE SHAKE?
CHECK.
GUT-BUSTIN' TRIPLE-BACON CHEESEBURGER WITH FRIES?
DOUBLE CHECK. ONLY PROBLEM ARE THE KETCHUP PACKETS.
THEY'RE SEALED TIGHTER THAN J. JONAH'S WALLET. TAKES AN ENGINEERING DEGREE TO--
KETCHUP
BLORRRP
KETCHUP
FINALLY. IF THESE FRIES GET ANY COLDER--
B-DAM
HELLLP!
NUTS.

THIS BETTER BE SIMPLE AND *FAST*.
A CAT STUCK IN A TREE, LOST CELL PHONE OR ROUTINE *MUGGING* WOULD ALL BE OKAY.
HECK, EVEN A COUPLE OF KINGPIN'S GOONS WHO'RE OUT TO WHACK SOMEONE WOULD BE EASY TO SEW UP.
AND RIGHT NOW, I COULD USE SOME *EASY*.
SPIDER-MAN?!
I KEEP FORGETTING THAT *"EASY"* WAS STRICKEN FROM THE OFFICIAL SPIDER-MAN FIELD MANUAL.
SOME GUY DRESSED IN BLACK STOLE SOME S.H.I.E.L.D. TECH, JUMPED MY PARTNER, TOOK HIS BADGE AND GUN AND *SHOT* HIM!
A FRIEND OF YOURS IS *CHASIN'* HIM!
FRIEND?!
YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY KNOW WHO MY FRIENDS...
OH.

THE FRIEND? DAREDEVIL.
THE THIEF? BULLSEYE.
MORTAL ENEMIES WITH DEATH DUELS THAT ARE THE STUFF OF LEGEND.
THAT'S LEVEL A-1 SECURITY TECH, POINDEXTER.
WHICH I'M NOT ABOUT TO GIVE UP.
UNLESS YOU'RE THE HIGHEST BIDDER.
WHICH I SINCERELY DOUBT.
FWIT
BULLSEYE IS RUTHLESS.
SHRIPP
ZAKKT
TURNS ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING...
...INTO A WEAPON.
NO WORRIES, DOUBLE-D!
I GOTCHA!
SPIDER-MAN.
WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED?

MAYBE BECAUSE I'M KNOWN AS THE MOST DEPENDABLE, ON-TIME HERO *EVER?*
NO.
MORE LIKE THE ONLY ONE WHO'D BE HANGING OFF THE SIDE OF A BUILDING IN THE MIDDLE OF A SNOWSTORM.
BUT I APPRECIATE THE HELP. GETS ME IN POSITION...
...TO DO *THIS.*
CHAK
AFTER ALL THE TIMES WE'VE MET...
PAP
...YOU THOUGHT THAT WAS A GOOD PLAY?
YOU GAVE ME A *WEAPON.*
AND GAVE ME THE *CHANCE...*

...TO MOVE IN.
PAKT
TWO OF YOU?
IF YOU THINK I'M *INTIMIDATED*...
...YOU'RE *WRONG.*
KRIK
I *RELISH* THIS.

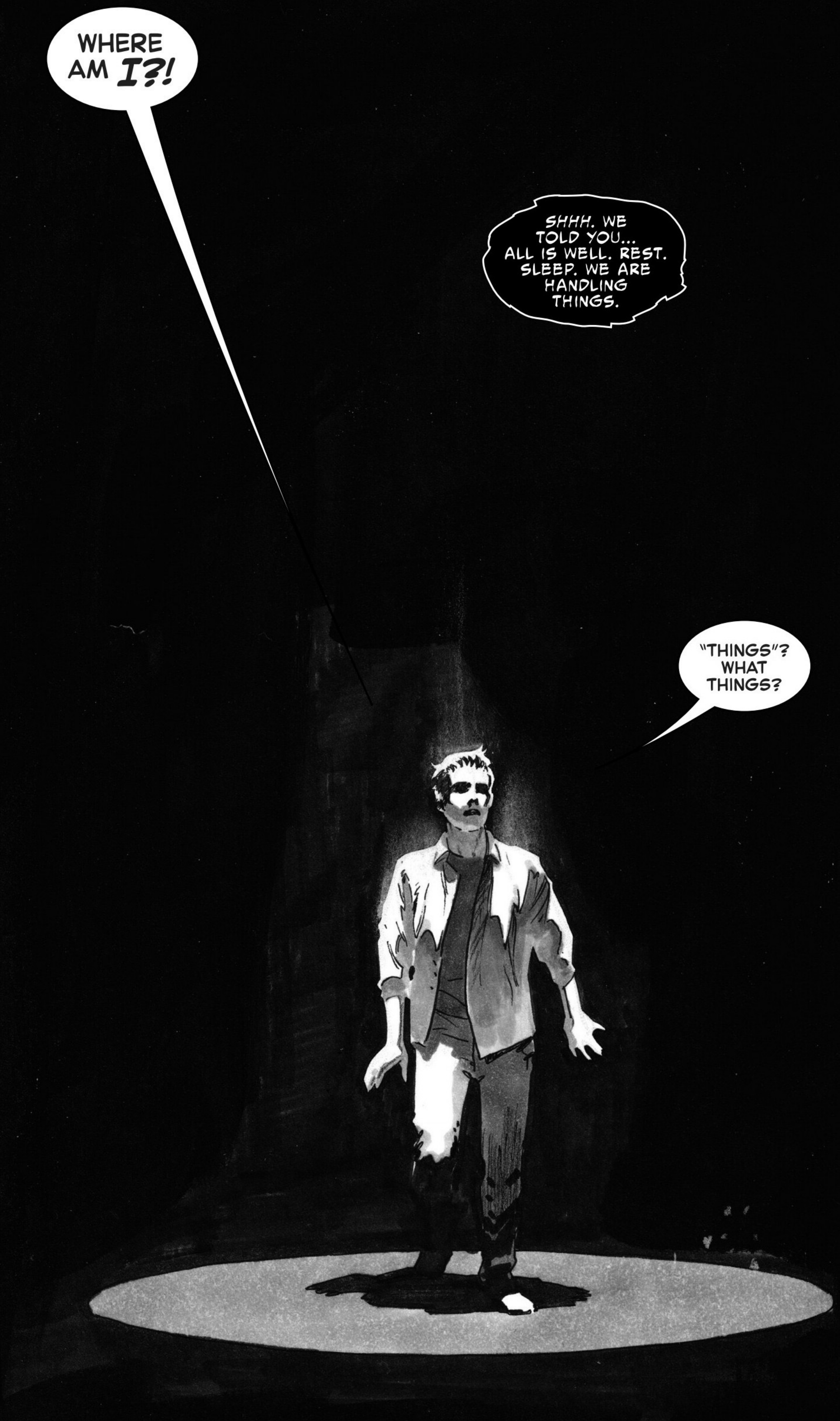
RELISH?
SPAK
REMINDS ME THAT I'M *HUNGRY.*
ENOUGH.
AGREED.
WHUKK
MY CLIENT IS *WAITING.*
AND I INTEND...
...TO GET *PAID.*
UFF!
OH...
...NO.

SPIDER-MAN!
UH-UH.
SPIDER-CORPSE.
YOU DO NOT GET TO WALK AWAY FROM THIS!
OH, YES, I WILL.
YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND...
FORE!

MIND IF I PLAY THROUGH?
CHOKK
YOU'RE--!
TRYING TO PLAY THE BACK NINE IN THE MIDDLE OF A BLIZZARD?
CRAZY, *RIGHT?*
SWAKT
I BELIEVE THE HONORS ARE YOURS.
GLADLY.
WHUDD
UHN!
SINCE WHEN CAN *YOU* SURVIVE A BULLET TO THE HEART?
UM... ABOUT THAT.
WAIT. DO I SMELL...
...KETCHUP?!
SO, INTERESTING STORY.

SEE, WHEN THIS BEGAN, I WAS JUST SITTING DOWN TO EAT.
I DODGED BULLSEYE'S BULLET BUT SLIPPED 'CUS OF THE SNOW...
...AND FELL TO THE ROOF BELOW, RIGHT ON TOP OF MY FOOD.
KETCHUP-FILLED WRAPPER INCLUDED.
YOU HAVE THE DIET OF A 13-YEAR-OLD.
IT'S AFFORDABLE! *LE BOURGEOIS CAFE* IS A BIT BEYOND ME, Y'KNOW?
HERE. GET YOURSELF SOMETHING DECENT.
REALLY?
WOW. *UM...*
...LAWYERING PAYS, I GUESS.
ENJOY YOUR DINNER. I'LL RETURN THIS.
YOU DO REALIZE I'M GOING RIGHT BACK TO WHERE I GOT MY BURGER AND FRIES, RIGHT?
OF COURSE. YOU'RE *SPIDER-MAN*, AFTER ALL.
I'M TEMPTED TO ASK WHAT THAT MEANS, BUT LET IT GO.
I MIGHT NOT LIKE THE ANSWER, AND SOMETIMES, IT'S BETTER NOT TO KNOW.
BESIDES THAT, I'M *HUNGRY*.
AND IT'S TIME TO *EAT*.
END.

WHA...WHAT'S *HAPPENING...?*
WHY IS IT SO *DARK?*
SHHHHH. GO BACK TO SLEEP.
"SLEEP"? AM I ASLEEP?
IS THIS A *DREAM?*
'CUZ THIS DOESN'T *FEEL* LIKE A DREAM. THIS IS SOMETHING ELSE...
LET GO. ALL IS WELL.
WH-WHO ARE YOU? *WHERE* ARE YOU?


WHERE AM *I?!*
SHHH. WE TOLD YOU... ALL IS WELL. REST. SLEEP. WE ARE HANDLING THINGS.
"THINGS"? WHAT THINGS?

SHOCK & AWE

Greg Weisman
Writer
Javi Fernández
Artist
VC's Joe Caramagna
Letterer

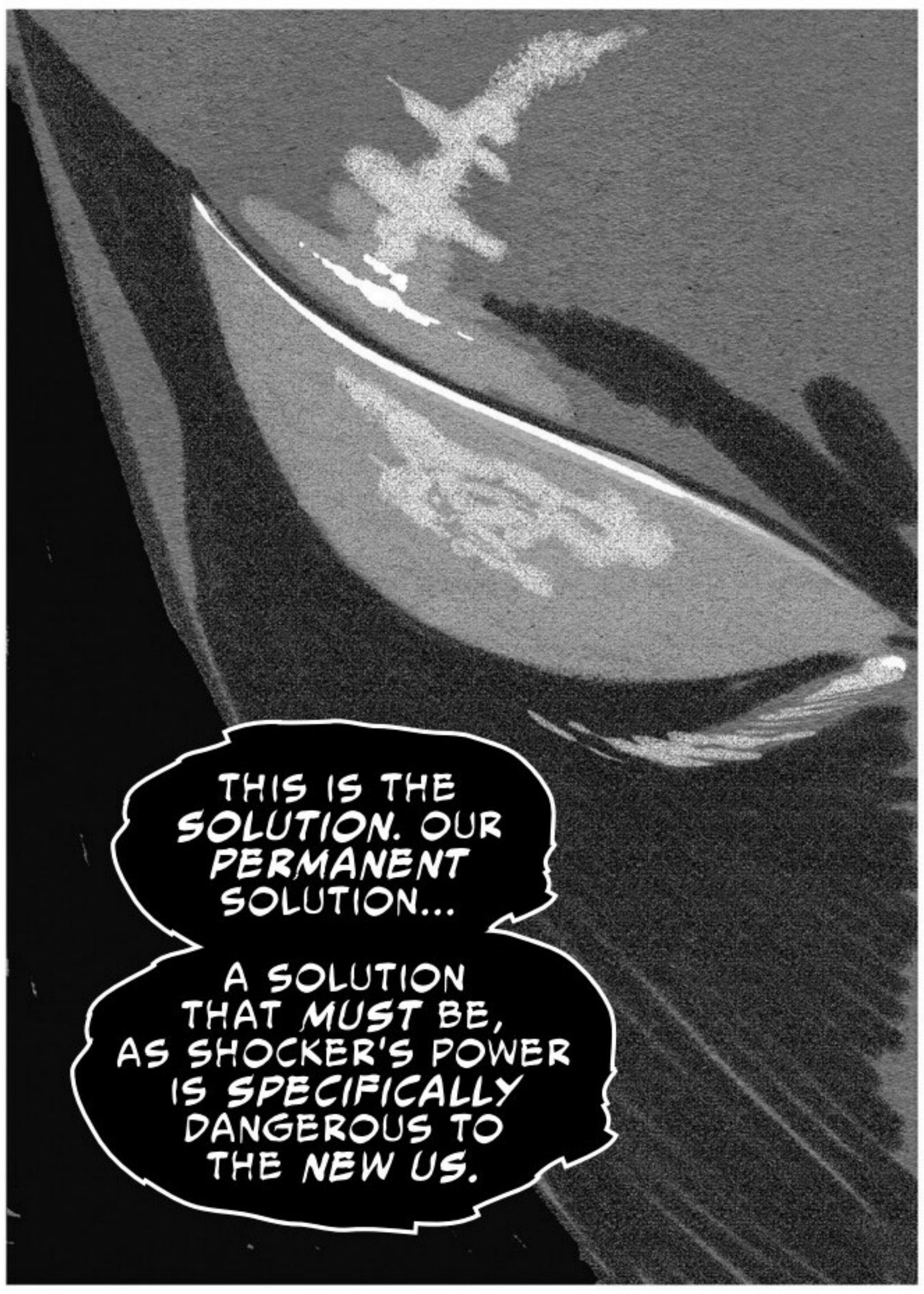
WHY AREN'T YOU *ANSWERING?*
YOUR *VOICE...* IT'S *FAMILIAR,* BUT--
I DON'T LIKE THIS.
IT NEEDS TO *STOP!*
IT NEEDS TO STOP *NOW!*
WHO DO YOU SHOUT AT?
WE ARE *YOU.* YOU ARE *US.*
WE ARE *SPIDER-MAN.*
"WE"? *I'M* SPIDER-MAN. SINCE WHEN AM I A *"WE"?!*
IT MAY REQUIRE AN ADJUSTMENT...
...BUT THIS ARRANGEMENT IS MUTUALLY BENEFICIAL TO OURSELF.
NOW GO BACK TO SLEEP... AND LET US WORK.
"WORK"?

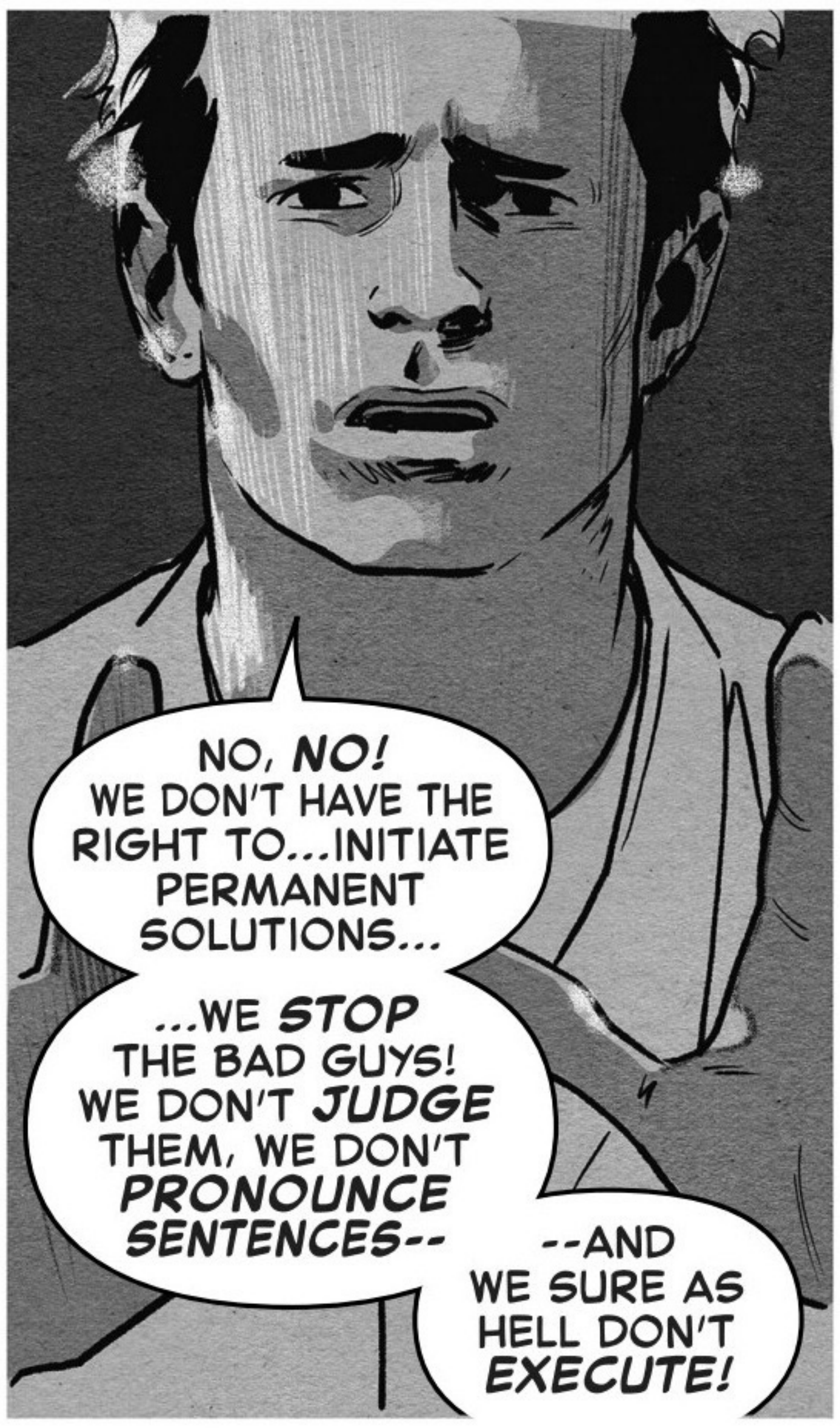
WHAT THE--
--HECK?!
SHOCKER?!
KEEP BACK, DAMMIT!
WHAT IS--?
DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF. WE HAVE THIS UNDER--
--CONTROL.
GASP

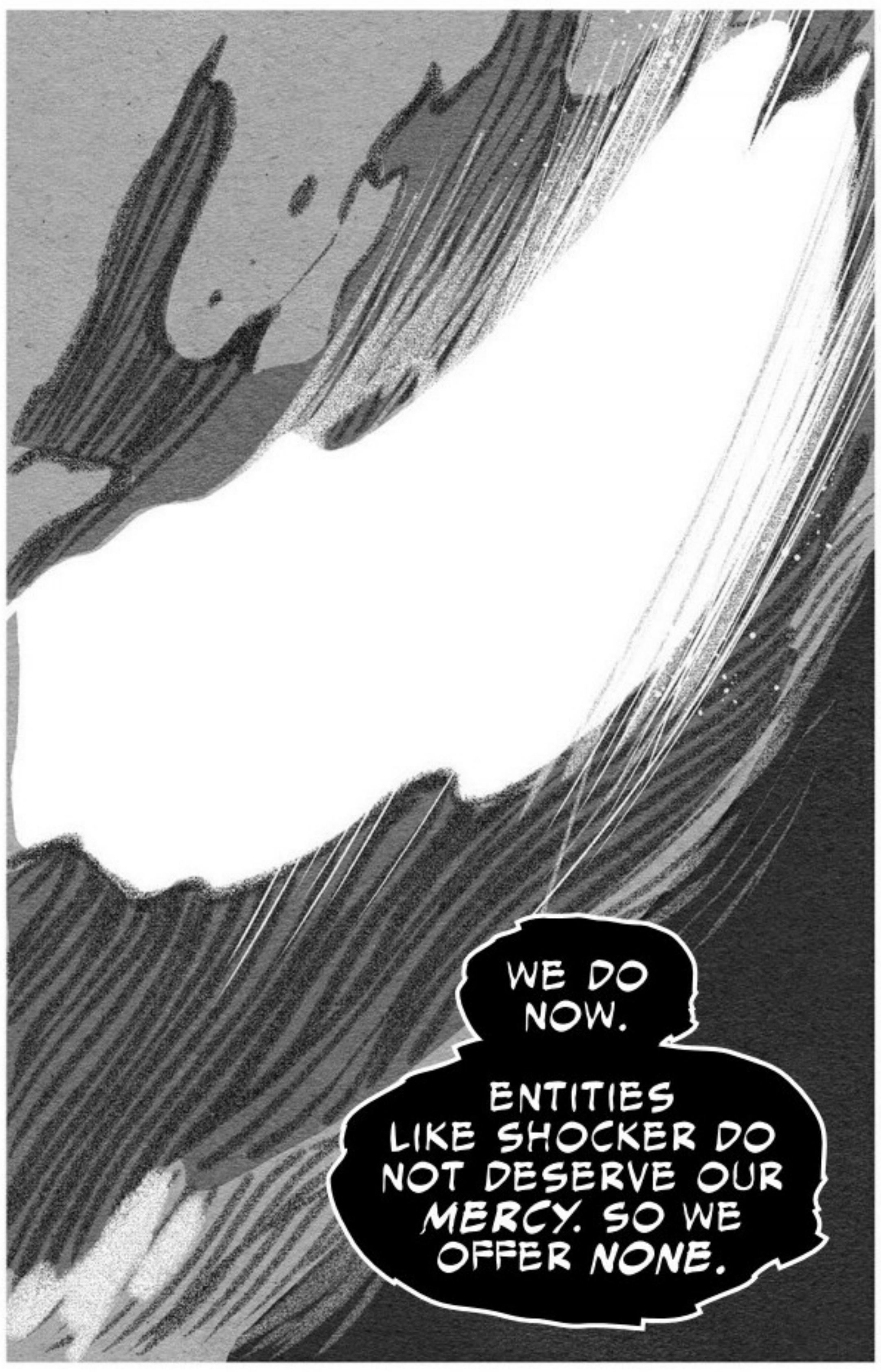
Y-YOU'RE USING **MY** BODY TO FIGHT SHOCKER-- WHILE I ***SLEPT!***
IT IS ***NECESSARY.***
"NECESSARY"? TO KEEP ME OUT OF THE FIGHT?
HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS? ***WHY*** ARE YOU DOING THIS?!
FOR OUR SAFETY...
"OUR SAFETY"? AGAINST ***SHOCKER?***
I REMEMBER DUKING IT OUT WITH HIM...
"...AND I REMEMBER ***TOTALLY*** HAVING HIM ON THE ROPES--"
KRAK
"BUT THEN WE WERE..."
Unnhhhhh...
KA-BOOM
"--BUT THEN I WAS ***BLINDSIDED...***
"...KNOCKED ***UNCONSCIOUS--"***

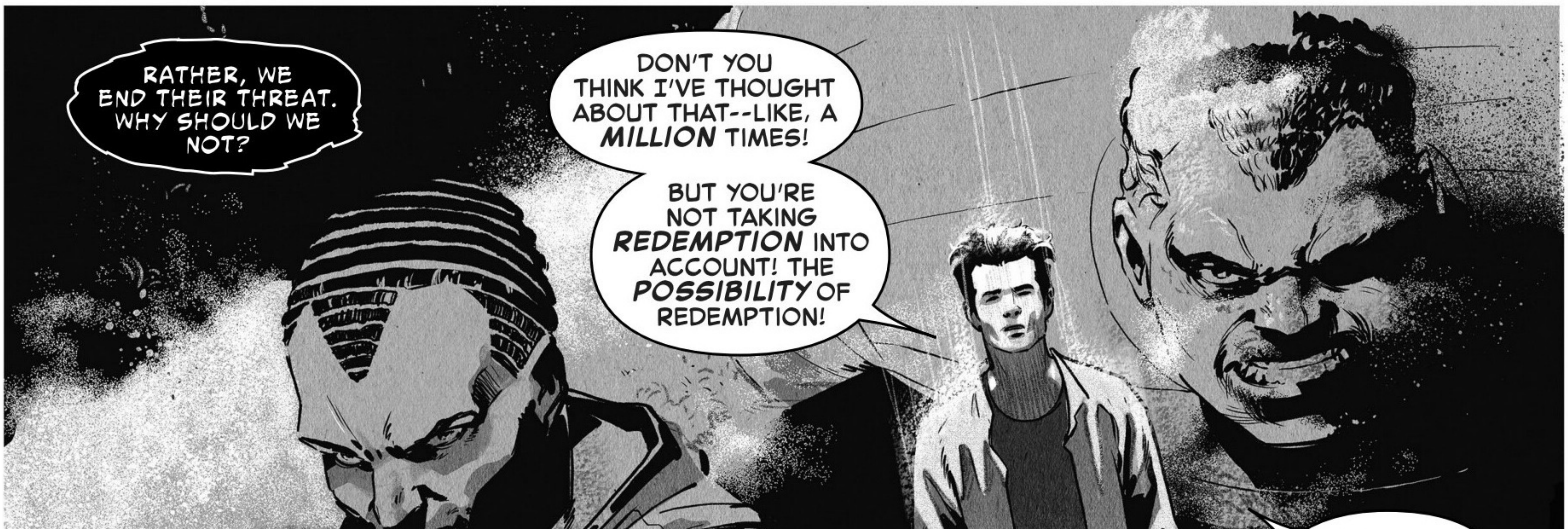
--AND *THAT'S* WHEN YOU TOOK OVER!
IT WAS *IMPERATIVE*. WE MUST HAVE VENGEANCE.
WAIT, HERE WE GO--
--AGAIN!
Kllgch grrrckh--
OH MY GOD, YOU'RE *KILLING* HIM!

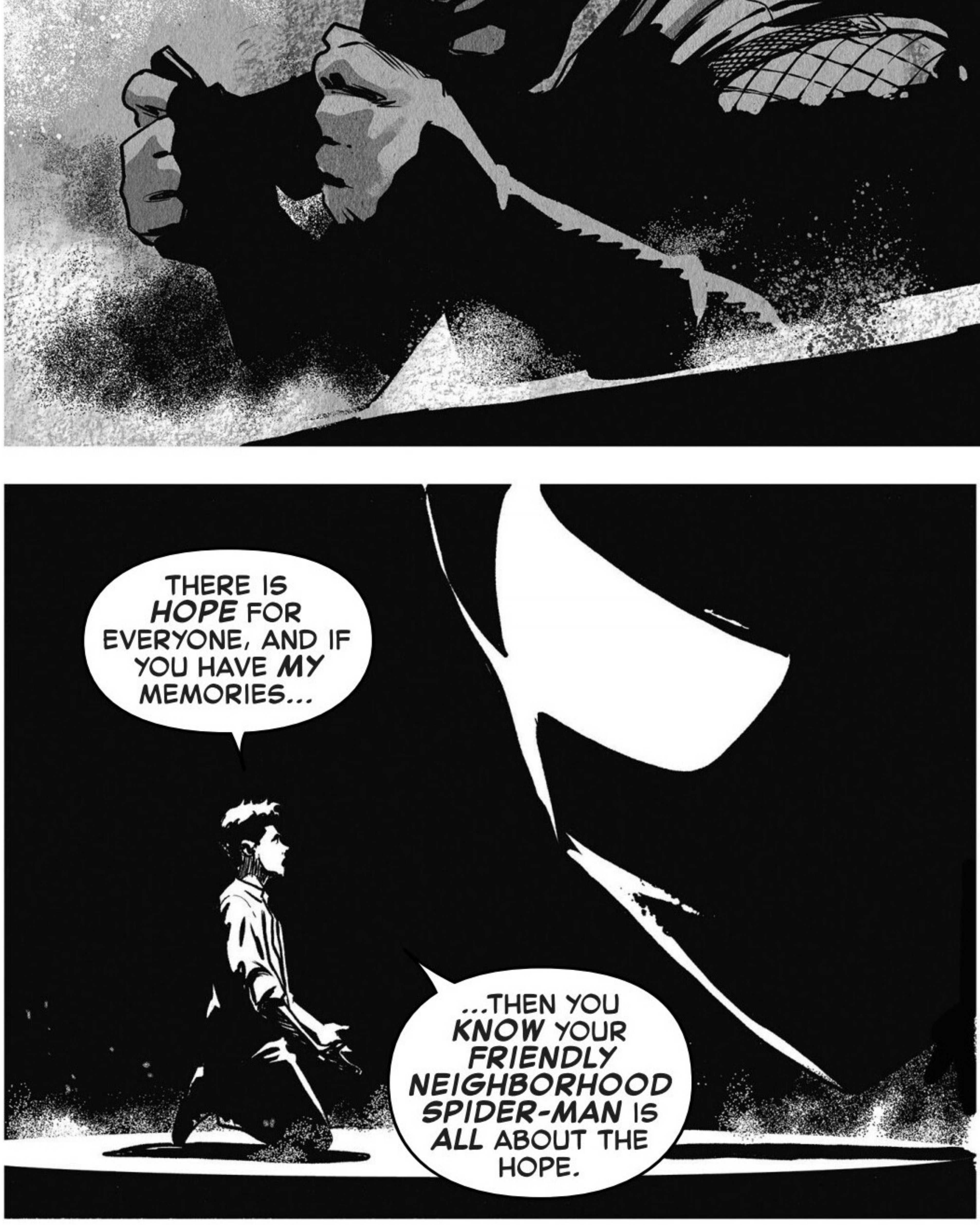
"WE TOLD YOU--"
--DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF.
"DO NOT CONCERN MYSELF"?!
YOU'RE USING MY BODY TO TAKE A HUMAN LIFE!
YOU HAVE TO ST--
WE DISAGREE.
LISTEN, PLEASE. KILLING... THAT'S NOT WHO WE ARE. THAT'S NOT WHO SPIDER-MAN IS!
THAT'S NOT WHO YOU WERE. BUT WE ARE SPIDER-MAN NOW. WE HAVE ACCESS TO YOUR MEMORIES.
THINK HOW MANY TIMES THIS SHOCKER HAS PLAGUED YOU...
...BUT THIS TIME WILL BE THE LAST.

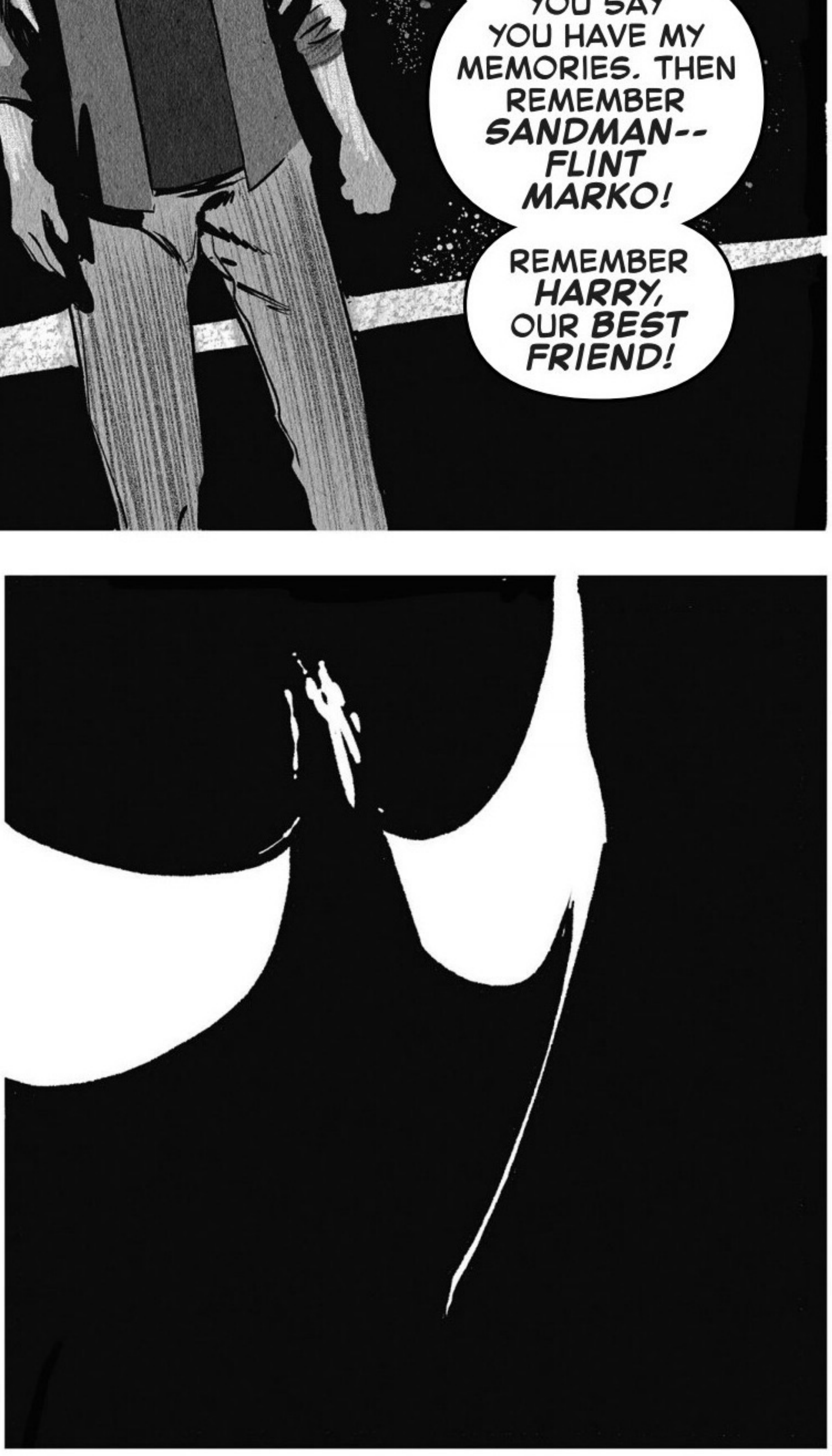

THIS IS THE *SOLUTION*. OUR *PERMANENT* SOLUTION...
A SOLUTION THAT *MUST* BE, AS SHOCKER'S POWER IS *SPECIFICALLY* DANGEROUS TO THE *NEW US*.


NO, ***NO!*** WE DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO...INITIATE PERMANENT SOLUTIONS...
...WE ***STOP*** THE BAD GUYS! WE DON'T ***JUDGE*** THEM, WE DON'T ***PRONOUNCE SENTENCES***--
--AND WE SURE AS HELL DON'T ***EXECUTE!***


WE DO NOW.
ENTITIES LIKE SHOCKER DO NOT DESERVE OUR *MERCY*. SO WE OFFER *NONE*.


RATHER, WE END THEIR THREAT. WHY SHOULD WE NOT?
DON'T YOU THINK I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT THAT--LIKE, A ***MILLION*** TIMES!
BUT YOU'RE NOT TAKING ***REDEMPTION*** INTO ACCOUNT! THE ***POSSIBILITY*** OF REDEMPTION!
YOU SAY YOU HAVE MY MEMORIES. THEN REMEMBER ***SANDMAN--FLINT MARKO!***
REMEMBER ***HARRY,*** OUR ***BEST FRIEND!***


THERE IS ***HOPE*** FOR EVERYONE, AND IF YOU HAVE ***MY*** MEMORIES...
...THEN YOU ***KNOW*** YOUR ***FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN*** IS ***ALL*** ABOUT THE HOPE.



FINE. WE WILL TRY IT...
...YOUR WAY.
OH, THANK GOD. I'M BACK.
SORRY! SORRY!
WASN'T MYSELF THERE...
...BUT YOUR PULSE IS STRONG. YOU'RE OKAY. YOU'RE OKAY, NOW...
COF COF
S-SO YA F-FINALLY GOT REAL...

...GUESS AFTER ALL THE TIMES *I'VE* TRIED TO *KILL* YA, I CAN'T *COMPLAIN*, BUT--
NO, YOU *CAN* COMPLAIN!
IT WASN'T RIGHT. WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN. I *SWEAR!*
HEH. TELL THAT TO *AWE.*
"AWE"? WHO'S AWE?
MY NEW *EX-PARTNER.* YA *SCARED* THAT WORTHLESS COWARD SO BAD HE *BAILED* ON ME WHILE I WAS *KNOCKED OUT.*
GOOD. THAT'S GOOD. NOW *YOU* BAIL TOO. WE'RE *CALLING* THIS ONE *EVEN*...
THWIP
FINE BY ME.
I'M *GONE*...
...GONE AND *DONE.*
END.

#1 VARIANT BY **Mr Garcin**

#3

NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH

Justina Ireland Writer
Netho Diaz Penciler
Cam Smith Inker
Rachelle Rosenberg Colorist

IT'S NEVER A GOOD SIGN WHEN THE POLICE ARE PARKED IN FRONT OF *AUNT MAY'S* HOUSE.
IT'S EVEN WORSE WHEN IT SEEMS AS THOUGH HER FAVORITE NEIGHBOR, *KATHY,* CALLED THEM.
PLEASE, I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HER ALL *WEEK.* IT'S JUST NOT LIKE HER.
AUNT MAY, I GOT THE REST OF THE STUFF YOU NEEDED FOR SPAGHETTI.
PETER! I'M IN THE KITCHEN.
I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD STOP BY.
DO YOU KNOW WHY THE POLICE ARE OVER AT KATHY'S PLACE?
OH, IT'S JUST *TRAGIC.* HER DAUGHTER, *CECE,* IS MISSING, BUT THE POLICE JUST THINK SHE'S RUN OFF WITH A BOY.
KATHY DOESN'T THINK THAT'S TRUE?
OH, NO. CECE JUST GOT A JOB WAITING TABLES AT THE *SILVER TIDE.* SHE'D EVEN RE-ENROLLED IN COLLEGE CLASSES. SHE WAS REALLY TURNING THINGS AROUND. AND TO LEAVE WITHOUT A WORD? IT'S JUST NOT LIKE HER.
WELL, AT LEAST I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING AFTER DINNER.

THE SILVER TIDE. I'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE APPEAL. THE MUSIC IS TOO LOUD, THE DRINKS ARE TOO EXPENSIVE, AND THE MUSCLES AT THE DOOR ARE ALL READY TO PICK A FIGHT.
SILVER TIDE
THWIP
OF COURSE, A V.I.P. LIKE ME CAN ALWAYS USE THE BACK ENTRANCE...
SILVER TIDE
BRIDGET, I TRIED TO WARN YOU. THEY'RE GETTING READY TO DO SOMETHING BIG, AND DANNY'S ALWAYS A #$%& WHEN HE'S STRESSED.
I KNOW, TAMMY. I KNOW! BUT HE REALLY SCARED ME.
GOOD EVENING, LADIES. MIND IF I ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS?
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
YEAH, A BIT EARLY FOR HALLOWEEN.
WAIT, YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF SPIDER-MAN?
DIDN'T YOU HAVE A RED-AND-BLUE OUTFIT?
I GOT AN UPGRADE.
IF YOU SAY SO.

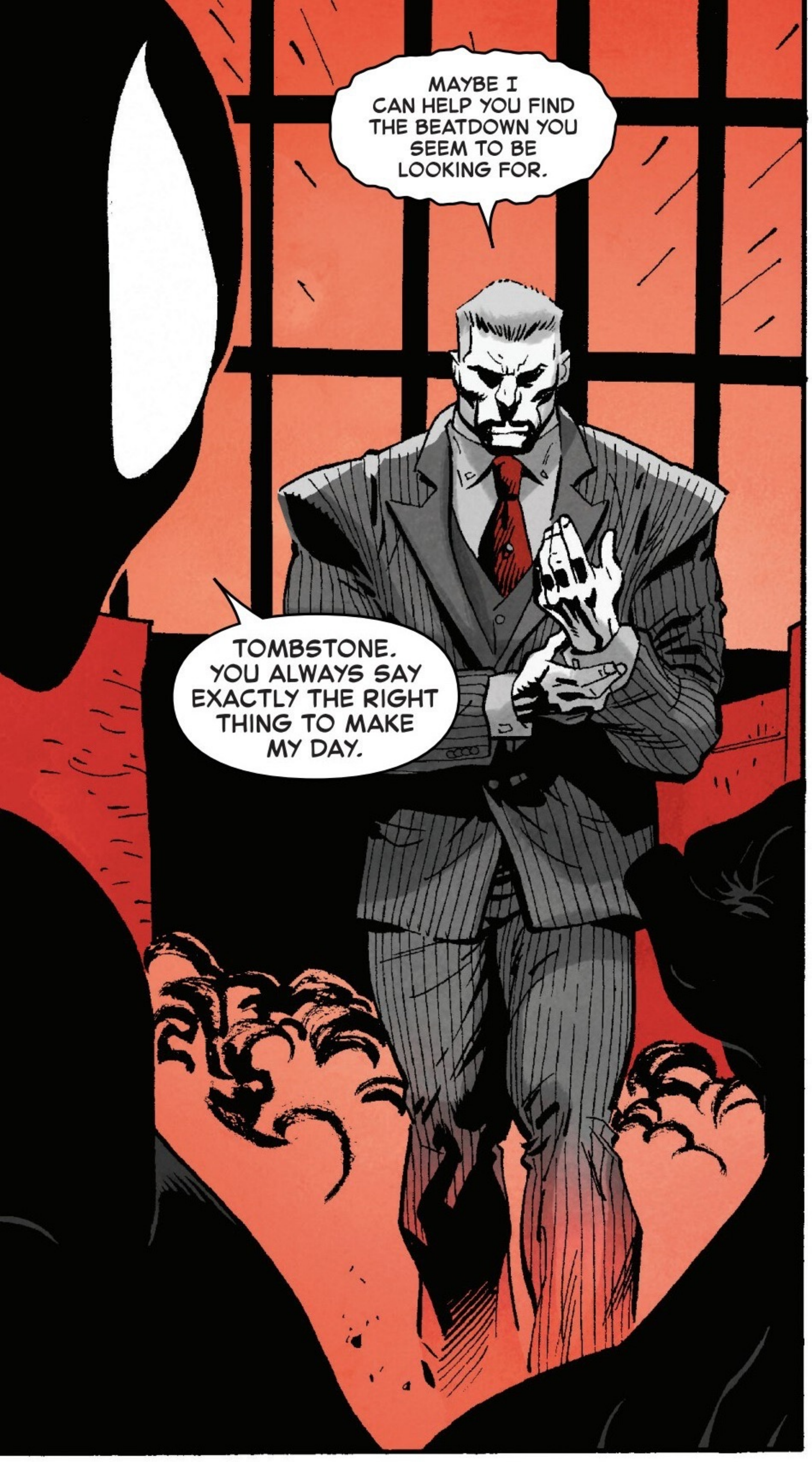
LOOK, I WAS JUST WONDERING IF EITHER OF YOU KNEW A WAITRESS WHO WORKS HERE. CECE?
NEVER HEARD OF HER.
WAIT, IS CECE IN *TROUBLE?*
STAY OUT OF IT, BRIDGET. DON'T GO BORROWING TROUBLE.
SPIDER-MAN SAVED MY AUNT ONCE FROM A MUGGER. HE'S A GOOD GUY, TAMS, AND WE CAN TRUST HIM.
I HAVE THE FEELING YOU LADIES WOULD LIKE TO TELL ME SOMETHING...
CECE HASN'T BEEN IN SINCE YESTERDAY. SHE WENT DOWN TO THE LIQUOR LOCKER IN THE BASEMENT AND NEVER CAME BACK. WHEN I ASKED OUR MANAGER DANNY WHERE SHE WAS, HE ***FREAKED OUT.***
WE GOTTA GET BACK.
WAIT, I WASN'T FINISHED!
YES, YOU ARE, UNLESS YOU GOT A ***DEATH WISH.***
BUT IF CECE IS IN TROUBLE, SPIDER-MAN CAN HELP!
THERE'S A WAREHOUSE OVER ON COLLINS AVENUE. YOU SHOULD CHECK IT OUT.

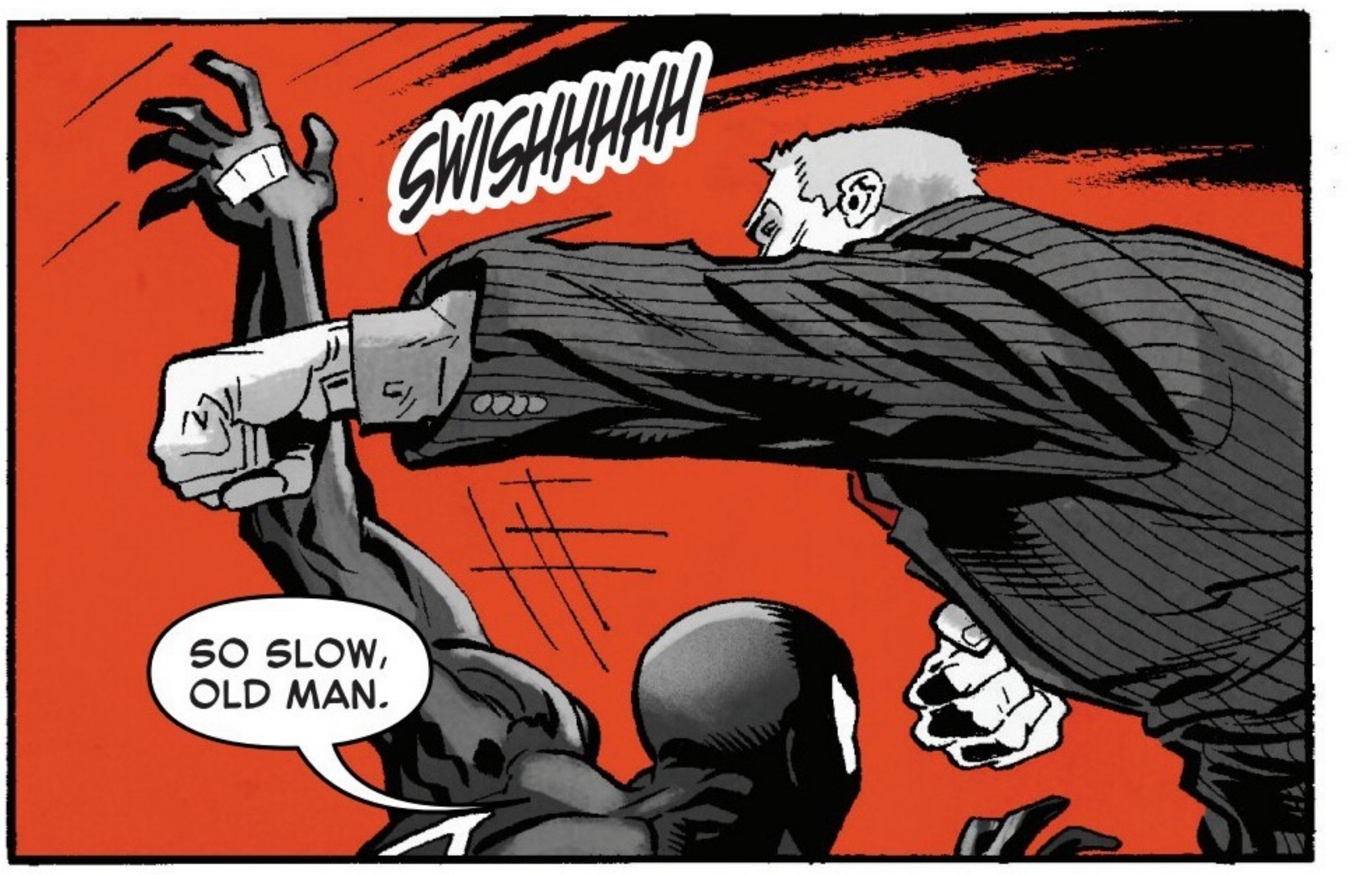
"YOU MIGHT FIND SOMETHING USEFUL..."
BIT LATE FOR A KAFFEEKLATSCH.
WELL, THAT'S INTERESTING...
PLEASE, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!
IS THIS OUR CURIOUS KITTY?
YEAH, BOSS. DANNY SAID HE FOUND HER POKING AROUND IN THE STORAGE ROOM.
PLEASE, I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! DANNY SENT ME DOWN THERE TO GRAB A BOTTLE FOR A TABLE.
WELL, THAT'S SOME BAD LUCK SINCE I WAS STORING MY *MERCHANDISE* DOWN THERE, NOW ISN'T IT?
PLEASE JUST LET ME GO! I WON'T TALK TO ANYONE.
SWEETHEART, I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE YOU, BUT WE BOTH KNOW I'M SMARTER THAN THAT. LOU, HANDLE THE PROBLEM.
YES, ***MR. TOMBSTONE.***
DON'T WORRY. IT'LL BE QUICK.

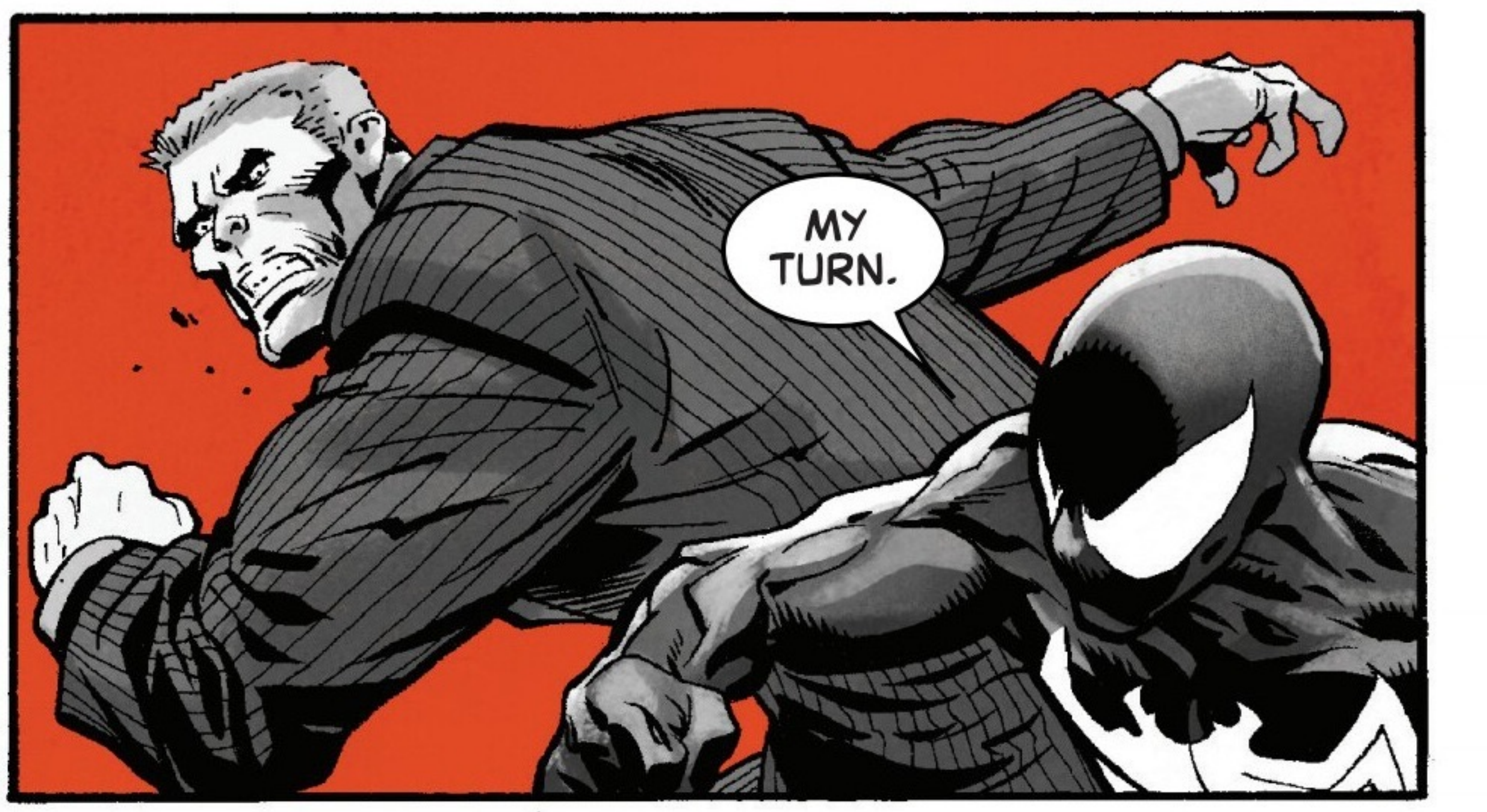
PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T KILL ME.
SORRY, HON. I HAVE TO--
WHAT THE--?
THWAP
KRAKK
AIEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

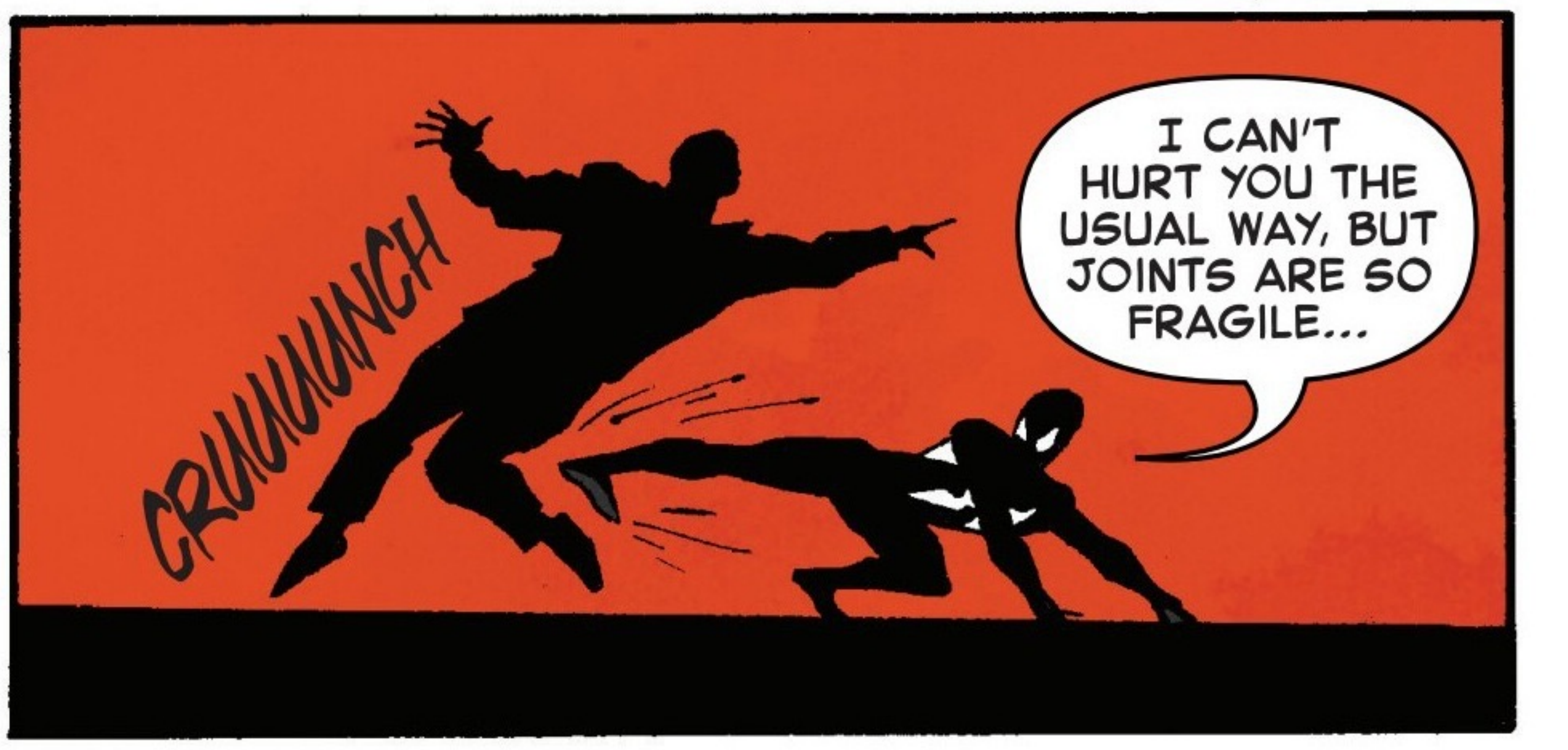
STAY HERE. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
I--DID YOU... DID YOU *KILL* *HIM?*
HE WAS ABOUT TO *SHOOT* YOU, AND *THAT'S* WHAT YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT?
THWIP
STAY HERE. KEEP QUIET. AND DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID.
LOU BACK YET?
NAH. HE'S PROBABLY MONOLOGUING. YOU KNOW HOW HE GETS WHEN HE HAS TO KILL A WOMAN.
SPLAT
HEY!
WHOOSH
LOOK OUT, EVERYONE. SEEMS LIKE WE GOT A *SPIDER PROBLEM.*
SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR SCOUT MEETING!

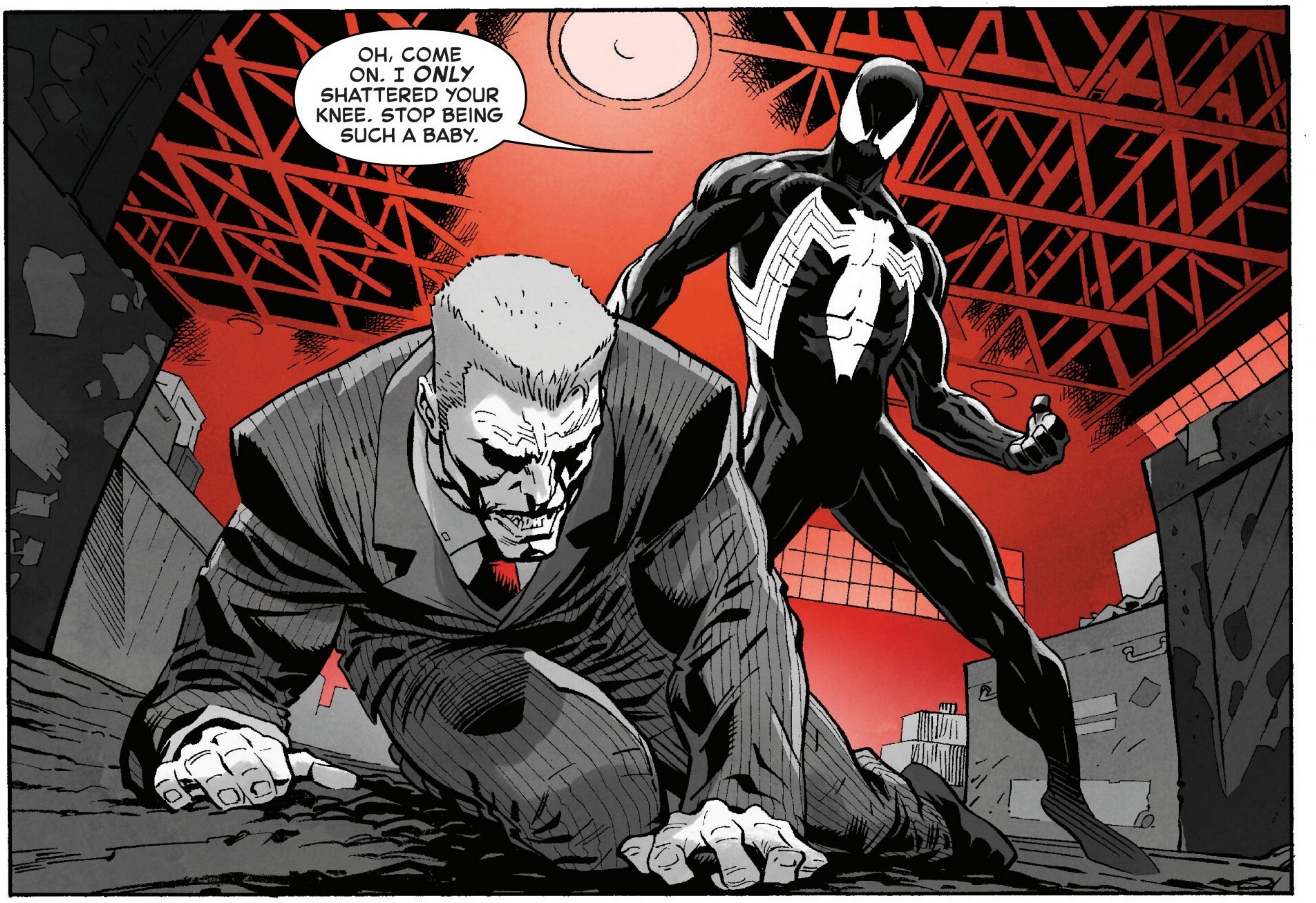
DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND A FEW HUNDRED GUNS FOR SALE?
CHOCK
THWIP
SPLAT
BAM
THWIP
NEVER MIND, I THINK I CAN FIND THEM ON MY OWN.
SPLOOT
GASP
AK-4J
I'M GOING TO BE HONEST, THE CUSTOMER SERVICE HERE SUCKS.
FUNNY GUY.


MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU FIND THE BEATDOWN YOU SEEM TO BE LOOKING FOR.
TOMBSTONE. YOU ALWAYS SAY EXACTLY THE RIGHT THING TO MAKE MY DAY.


SWISHHHH
SO SLOW, OLD MAN.

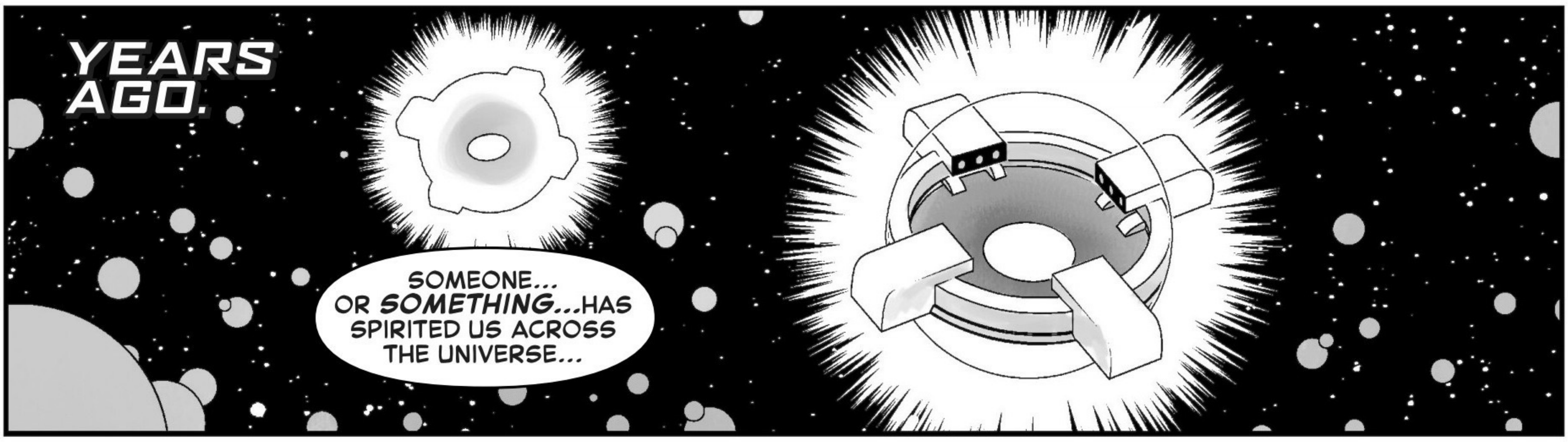

MY TURN.

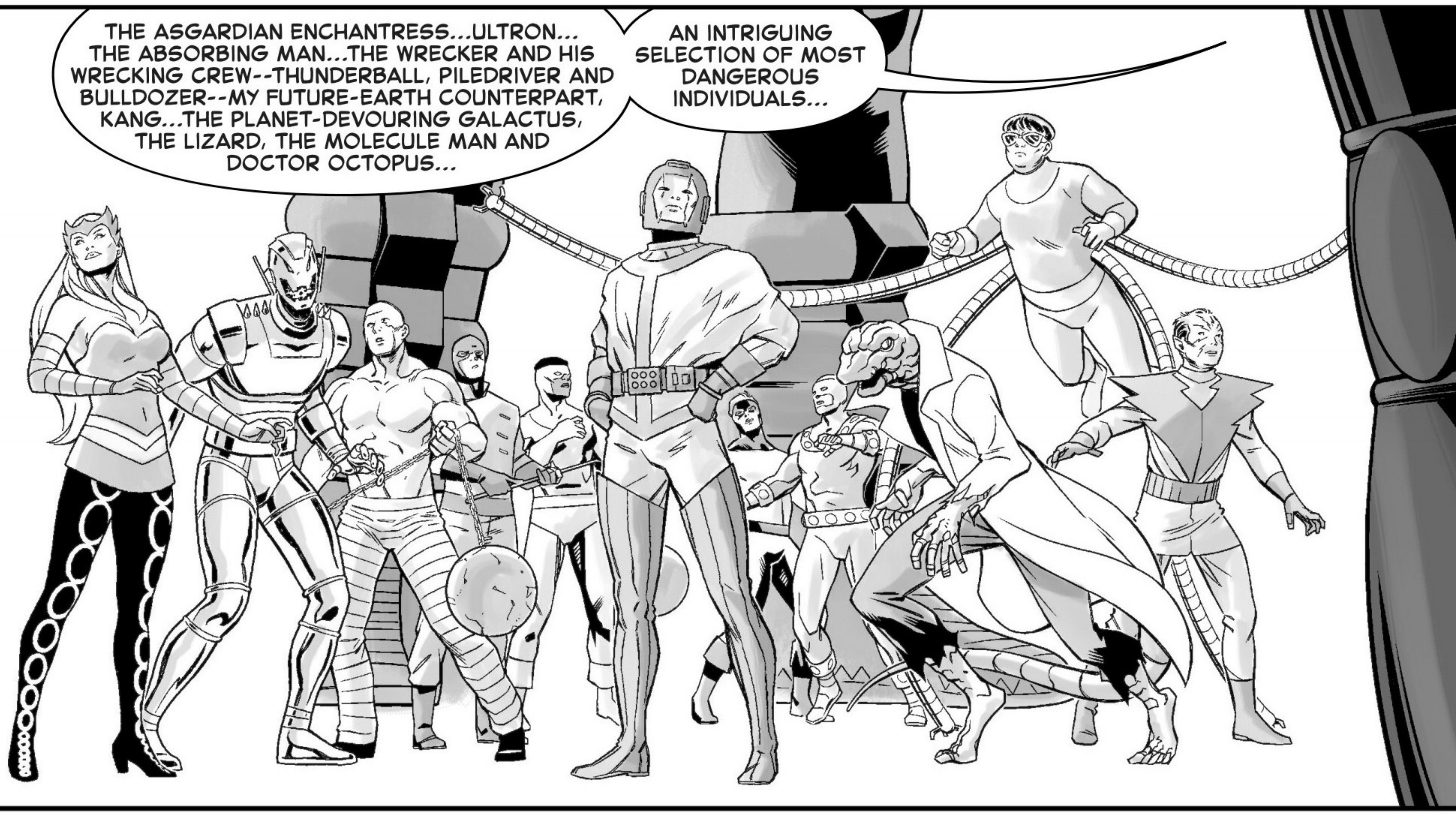

CRUUUUNCH
I CAN'T HURT YOU THE USUAL WAY, BUT JOINTS ARE SO FRAGILE...

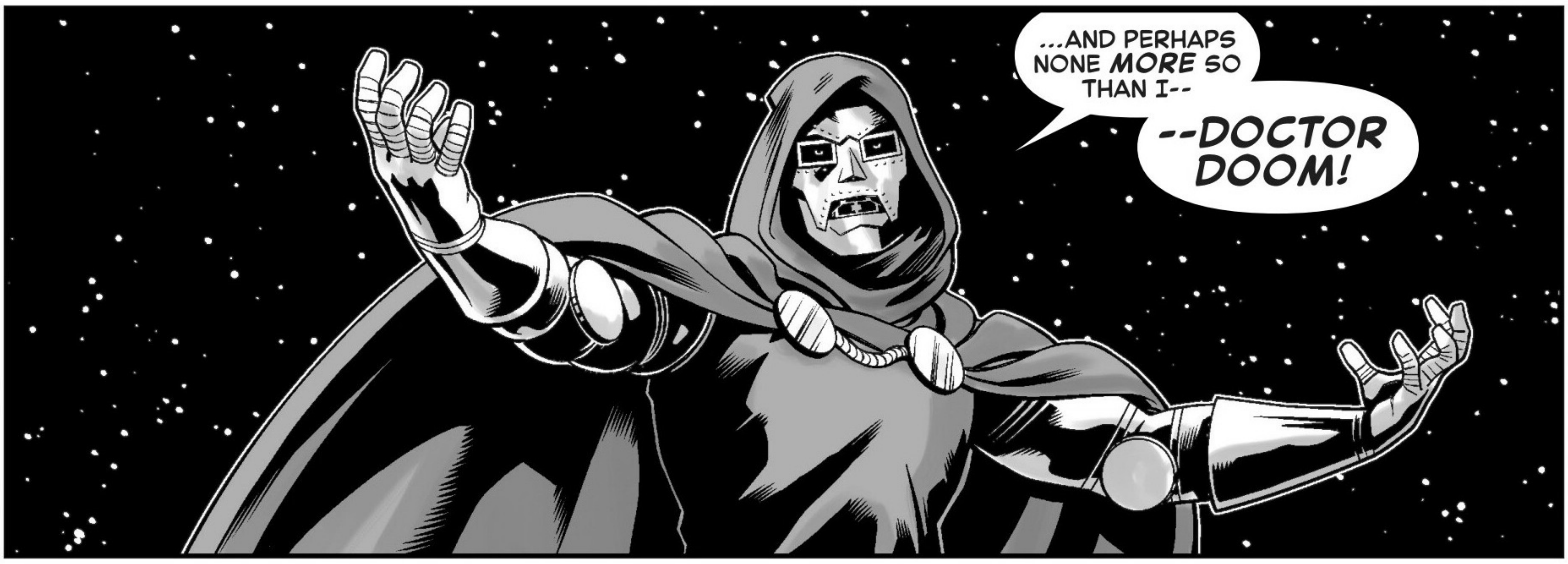

OH, COME ON. I *ONLY* SHATTERED YOUR KNEE. STOP BEING SUCH A BABY.

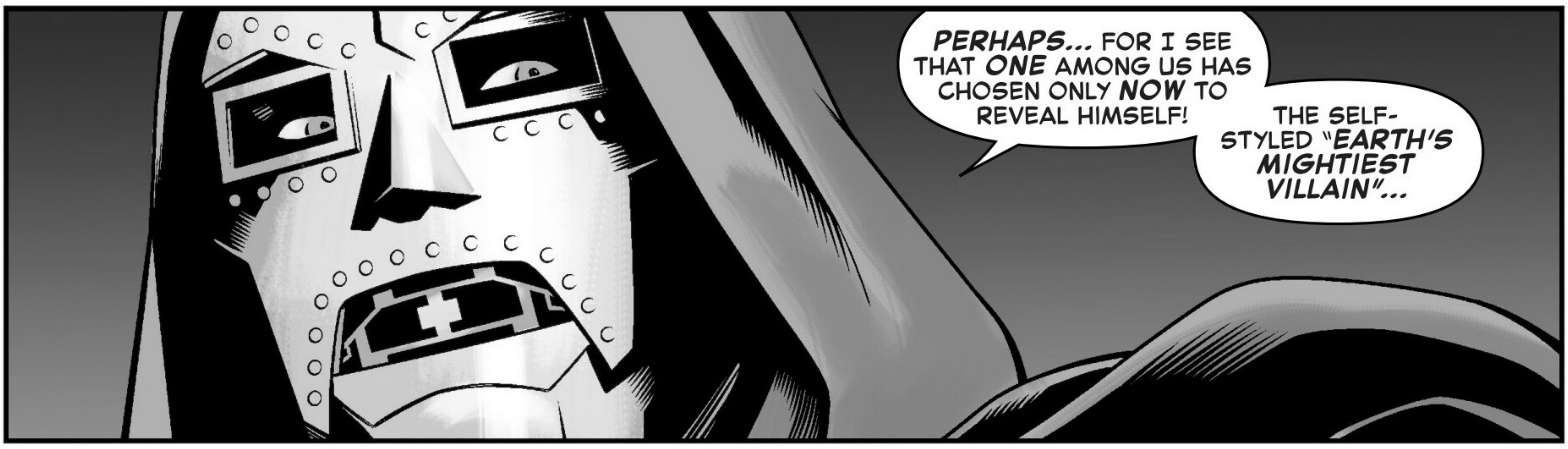
ENOUGH, JUST TURN ME INTO THE COPS.
IT'S ENOUGH WHEN *I* SAY IT'S ENOUGH.
PLEASE! PLEASE STOP.
THEY CAN'T HURT ANYONE ANYMORE, SO WHY NOT JUST CALL THE POLICE?
WEREN'T YOU LIKE TWENTY SECONDS FROM A BULLET IN YOUR BRAIN THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU? MAYBE LET ***ME*** HANDLE THE CRIMINALS HERE.
NO!
A LITTLE SOMETHING TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE STILL HERE WHEN THE COPS ARRIVE.
CRONCH
OH MY GOD.
RELAX. IT'S JUST A FEW BROKEN RIBS. HE'LL BE BACK TO NO GOOD AS SOON AS HE CAN POST BAIL.
YOU SAVED ME ONCE, LONG AGO. YOU WEREN'T ALWAYS LIKE THIS. WHAT ***HAPPENED?***
I LEVELED UP. EITHER WAY, YOU'RE ***WELCOME.***

THAT'S THE LAST TIME I HELP OUT A NEIGHBOR.
END.


YEARS AGO.
SOMEONE... OR *SOMETHING*...HAS SPIRITED US ACROSS THE UNIVERSE...


THE ASGARDIAN ENCHANTRESS...ULTRON... THE ABSORBING MAN...THE WRECKER AND HIS WRECKING CREW--THUNDERBALL, PILEDRIVER AND BULLDOZER--MY FUTURE-EARTH COUNTERPART, KANG...THE PLANET-DEVOURING GALACTUS, THE LIZARD, THE MOLECULE MAN AND DOCTOR OCTOPUS...
AN INTRIGUING SELECTION OF MOST DANGEROUS INDIVIDUALS...


...AND PERHAPS NONE *MORE* SO THAN I--
--DOCTOR DOOM!


PERHAPS... FOR I SEE THAT *ONE* AMONG US HAS CHOSEN ONLY *NOW* TO REVEAL HIMSELF!
THE SELF-STYLED "*EARTH'S MIGHTIEST VILLAIN*"...

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MASTER BLOOD?

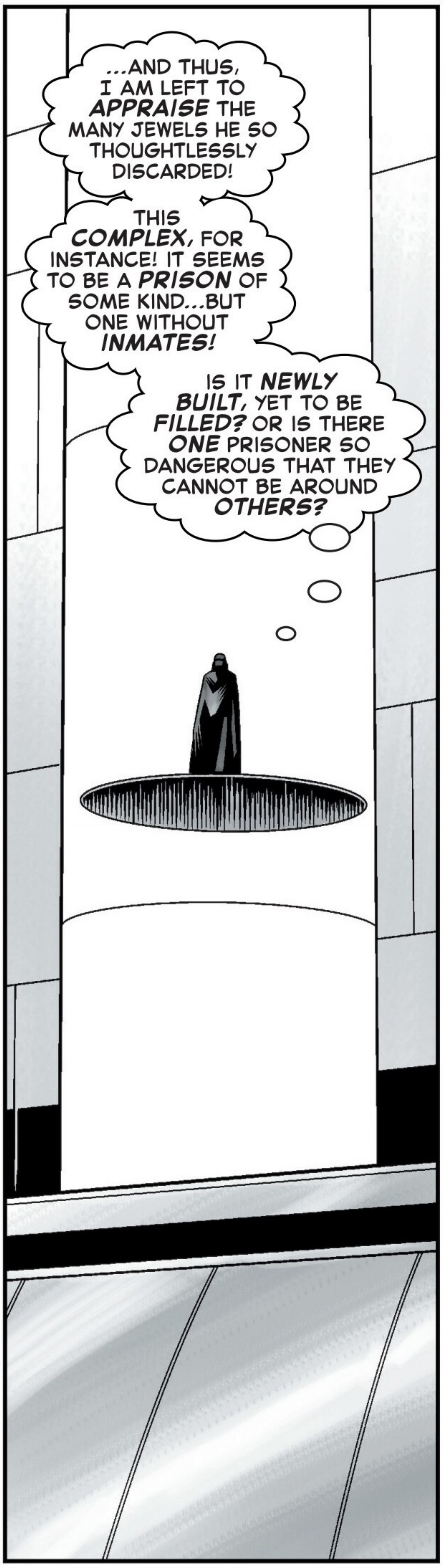
Al Ewing
Writer

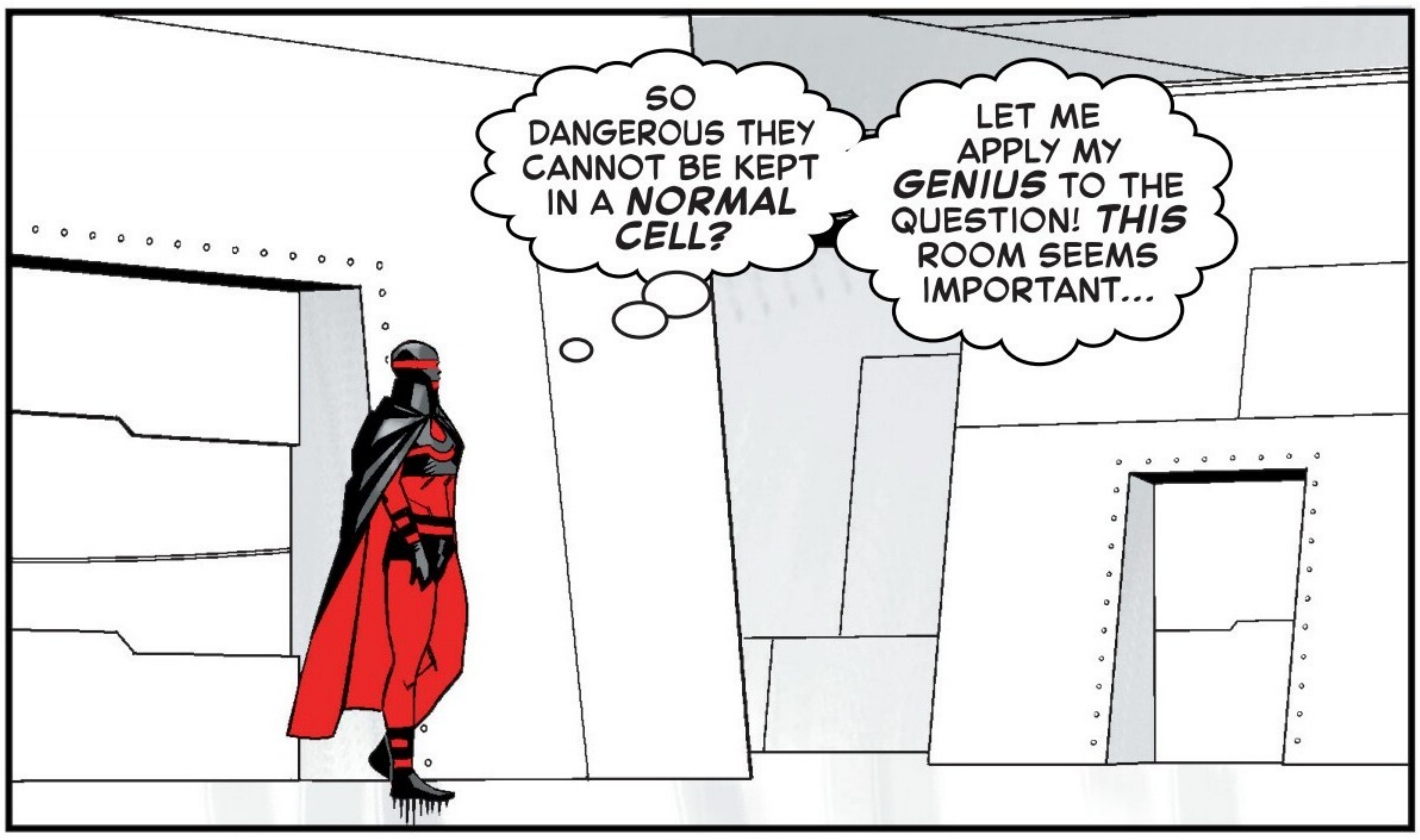
Juann Cabal
Artist

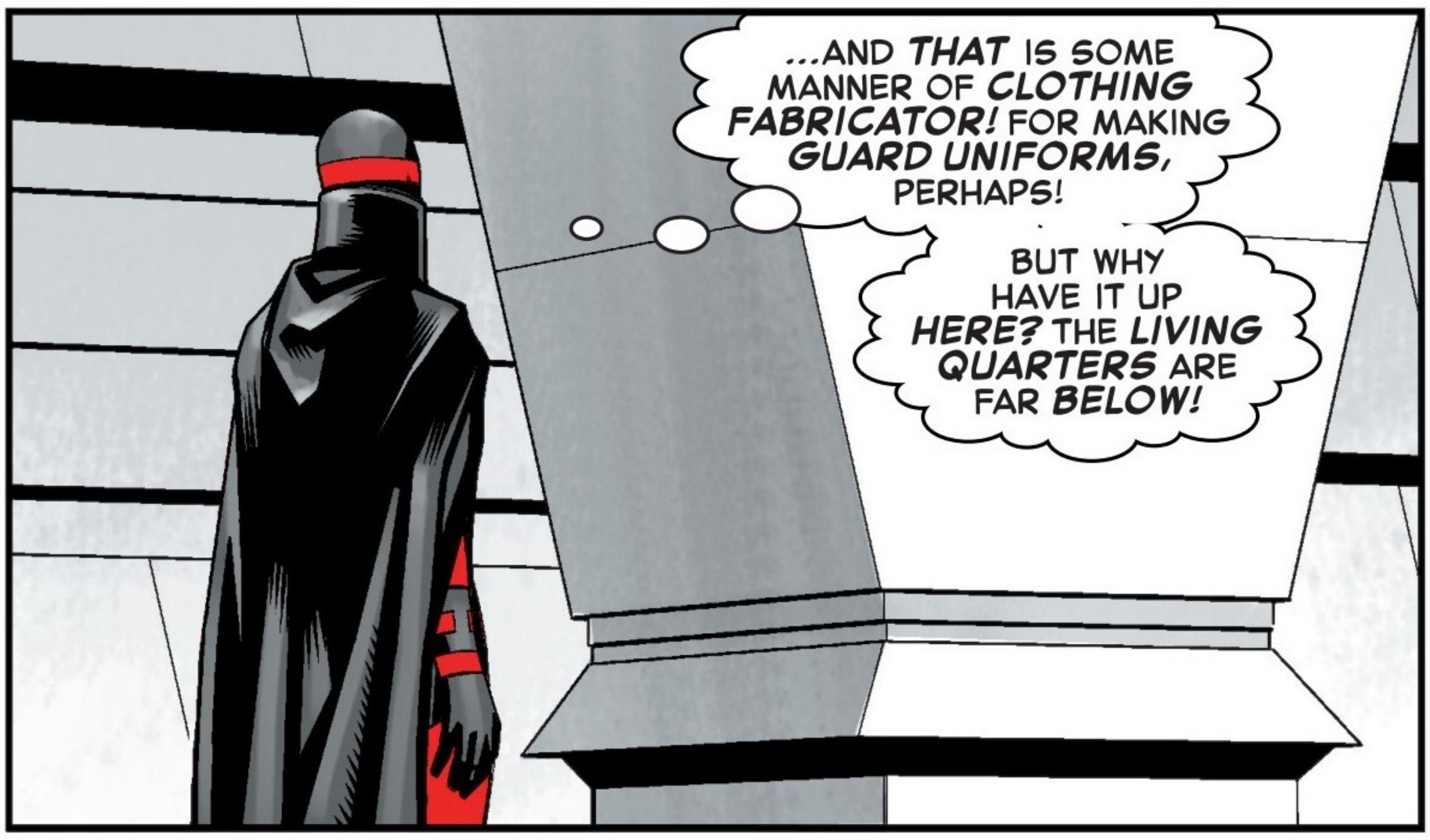
Edgar Delgado
Color Artist

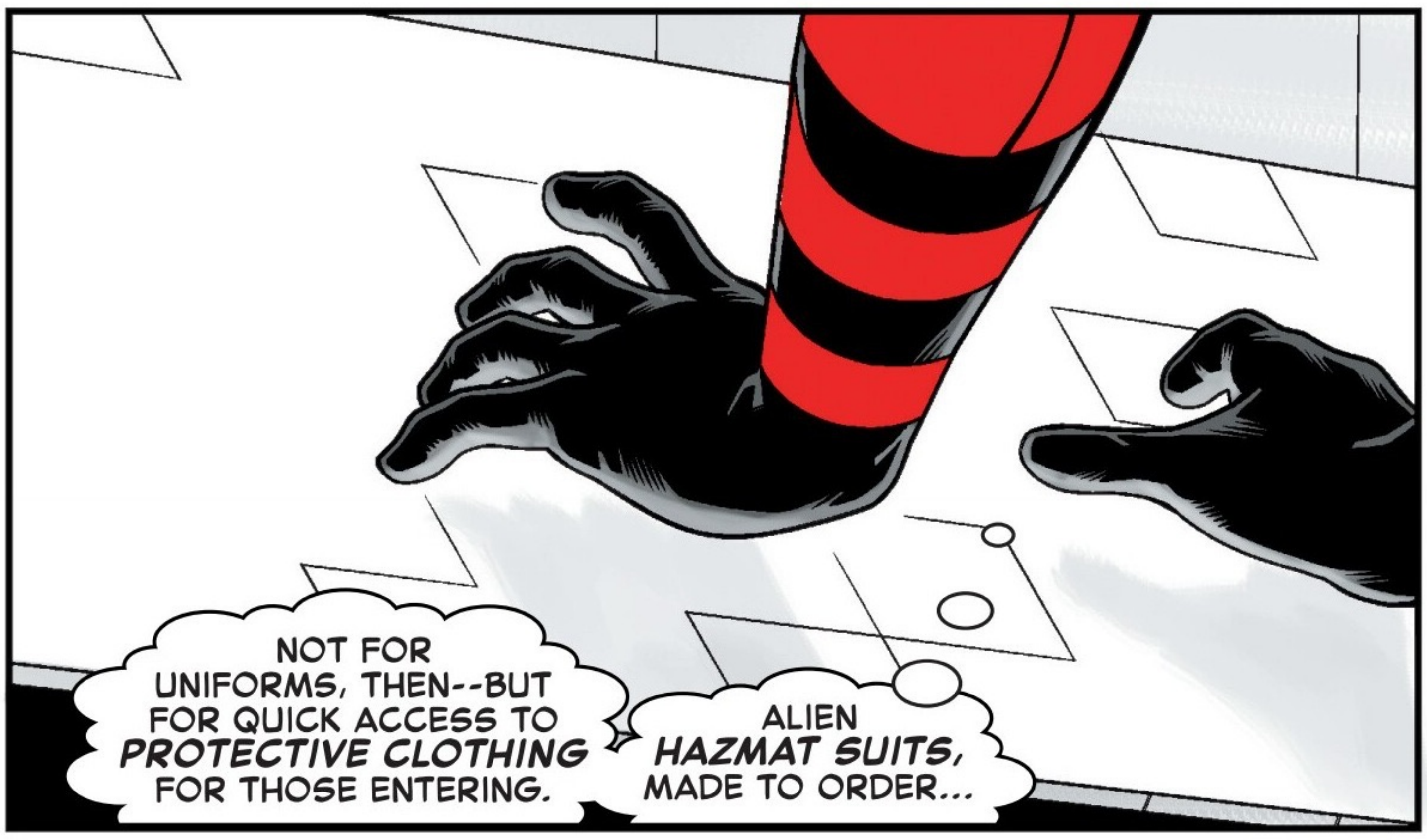
...MASTER BLOOD
I FELT IT PRUDENT TO *OBSERVE*, DOCTOR... THOUGH I SUSPECT YOU AND I HAVE REACHED THE SAME CONCLUSION.
THIS IS A *GATHERING OF FORCES*...AS IF FOR *WAR!*
A *SECRET* WAR...
"WHICH IS WHEN THE BEYONDER ARRIVES."

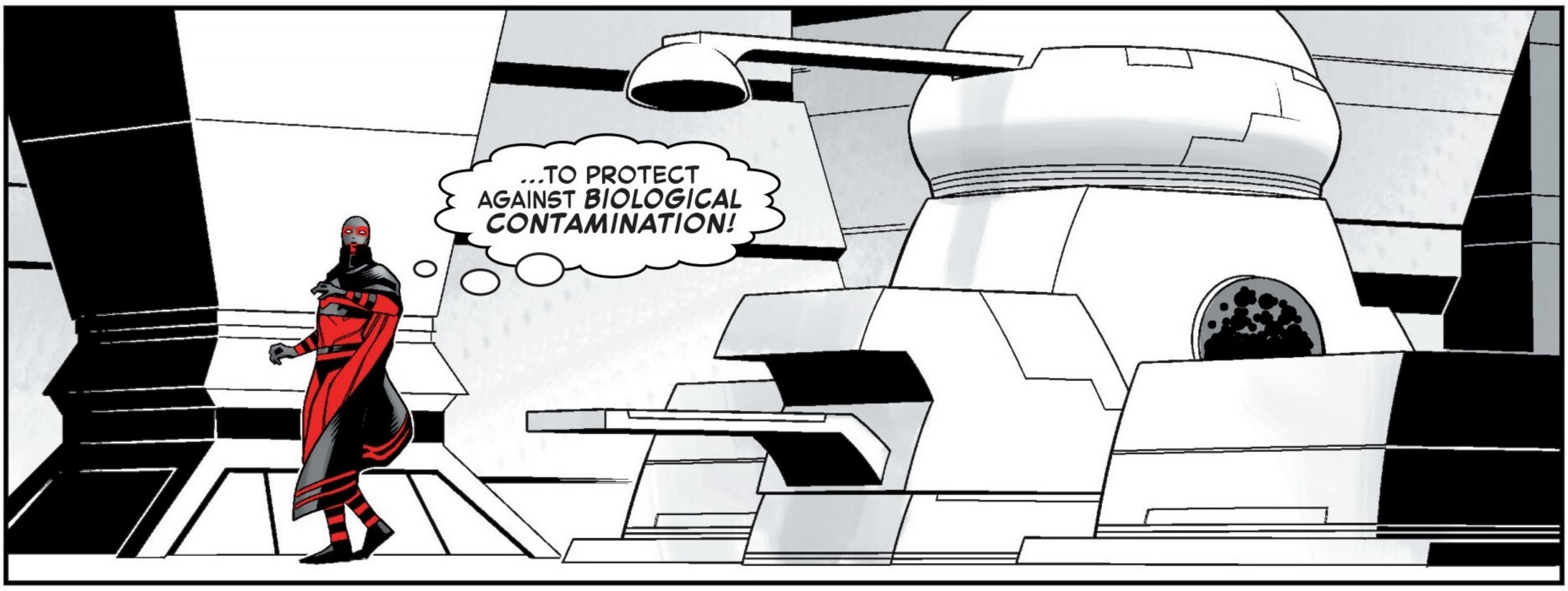
LATER...
RIGHT, RIGHT-- "SLAY YOUR ENEMIES." I HEARD THAT PART, THUNDERBALL--I JUST DIDN'T SEE IT.
SO THEN HE BUILT US A PLANET?
OUT OF CHUNKS OF OTHER PLANETS, IT LOOKS LIKE--SO LET'S NOT PUSH ANY BUTTONS JUST YET, BULLDOZER. THIS BASE COULD'VE BEEN ANYTHING BEFORE IT GOT HERE.
SURE. SO THEN GALACTUS TRIES TO TAKE ON THE BEYONDER SOLO, RIGHT? AND DOOM FOLLOWS ALONG? I MISSED A LOT BACK THERE.
IT'S KINDA HARD TO TURN MY HEAD IN THIS THING...
YOU GOTTA GET A NEW GIMMICK, HENRY. OR AT LEAST A NEW HAT.
I'M THE BULLDOZER! YOU GOT YOUR CROWBAR, DOC'S GOT HIS THUNDERBALL... I NEED SOMETHIN', DIRK! WE CAN'T HAVE TWO PILEDRIVERS--
HEY!
FOOLS!
AND DOOM IS THE GREATEST FOOL OF ALL!
MUCH AS IT GALLS ME TO EVEN THINK IT--I COULD HAVE USED HIM!
INSTEAD, HE RISKS EVERYTHING CHASING THE BEYONDER'S INFINITE POWER--INFINITE BIRDS IN INFINITE BUSHES, WITH SO MANY ALREADY IN HIS HAND!
FORTUNATELY, MASTER BLOOD IS A MORE PATIENT MAN...


...AND THUS, I AM LEFT TO *APPRAISE* THE MANY JEWELS HE SO THOUGHTLESSLY DISCARDED!
THIS *COMPLEX,* FOR INSTANCE! IT SEEMS TO BE A *PRISON* OF SOME KIND...BUT ONE WITHOUT *INMATES!*
IS IT *NEWLY BUILT,* YET TO BE *FILLED?* OR IS THERE *ONE* PRISONER SO DANGEROUS THAT THEY CANNOT BE AROUND *OTHERS?*


SO DANGEROUS THEY CANNOT BE KEPT IN A *NORMAL CELL?*
LET ME APPLY MY *GENIUS* TO THE QUESTION! *THIS* ROOM SEEMS IMPORTANT...


...AND *THAT* IS SOME MANNER OF *CLOTHING FABRICATOR!* FOR MAKING *GUARD UNIFORMS,* PERHAPS!
BUT WHY HAVE IT UP *HERE?* THE *LIVING QUARTERS* ARE FAR *BELOW!*

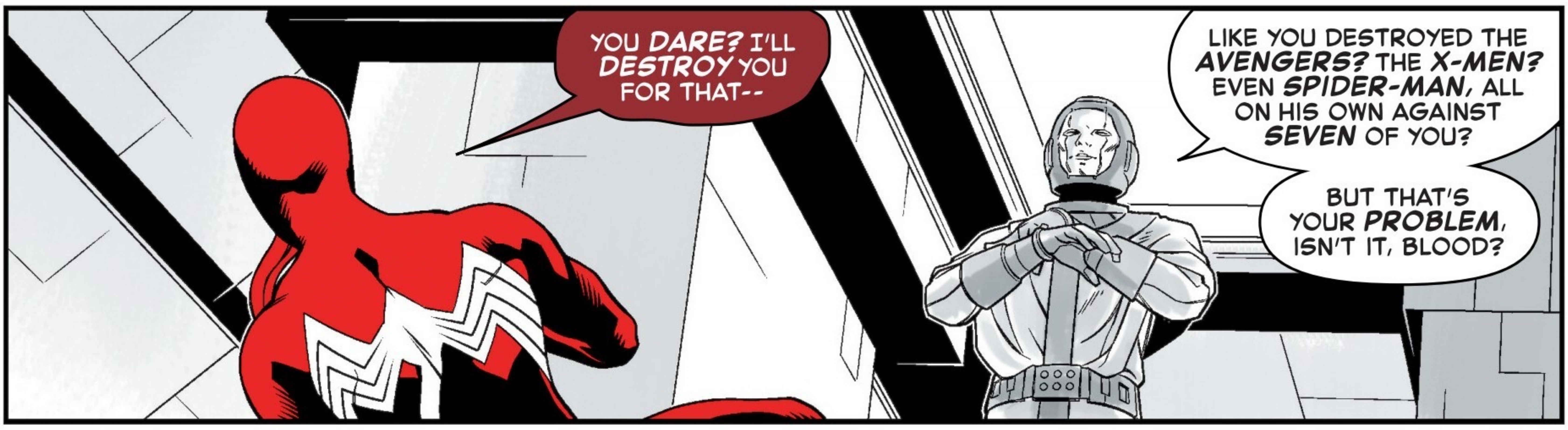

ALIEN *HAZMAT SUITS,* MADE TO ORDER...
NOT FOR UNIFORMS, THEN--BUT FOR QUICK ACCESS TO *PROTECTIVE CLOTHING* FOR THOSE ENTERING.

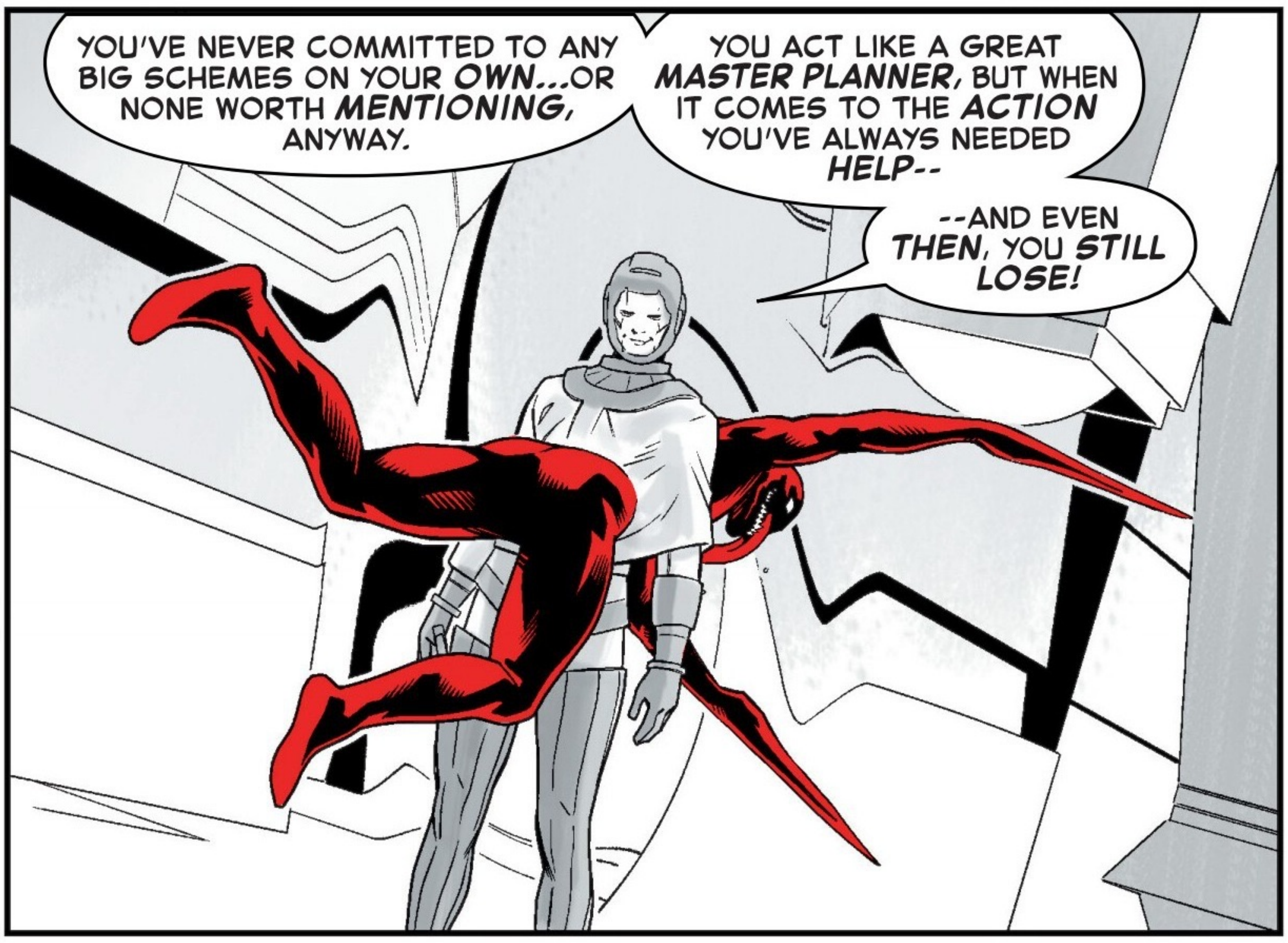

...TO PROTECT AGAINST *BIOLOGICAL CONTAMINATION!*

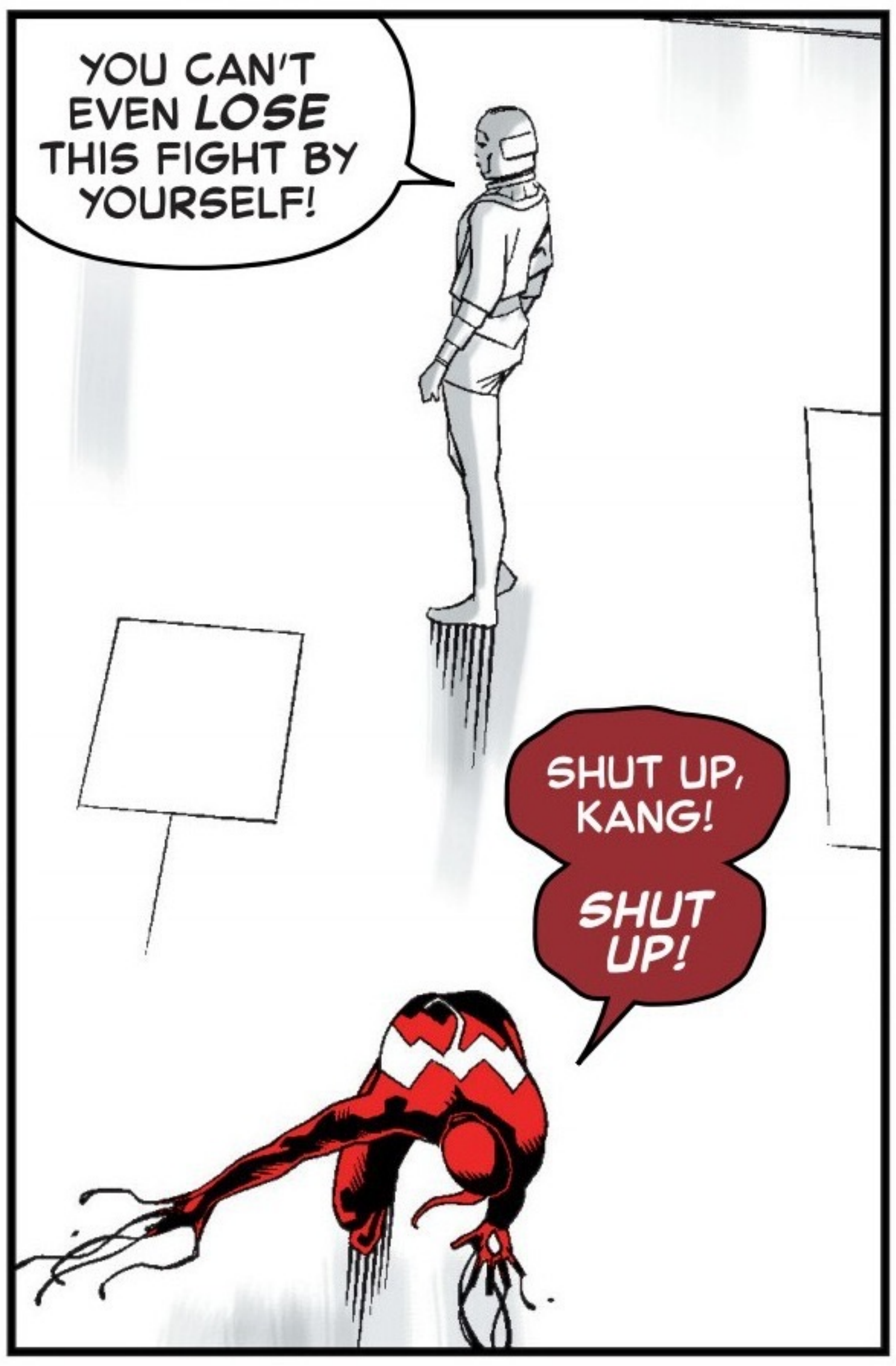
A CONTAINMENT CHAMBER, IF I'VE EVER SEEN ONE! COMPLETE WITH TELEPATHIC INTERFACE, FOR INTERROGATION...OR COMMUNICATION!
DO I DARE? "LET'S NOT PUSH ANY BUTTONS," THUNDERBALL SAID...
...WHICH IS WHY HE REMAINS A MINOR PHYSICIST WHO ROBS BANKS WITH HIS GYM BUDDIES!
AND I... AM MASTER BLOOD!
ALONGSIDE THE HULK AND THE SUB-MARINER, I HUMBLED THE MIGHTY AVENGERS--AND ALMOST DESTROYED THEM!
MY BARGAIN WITH DOMINUS WOULD HAVE WON ME THE WORLD HAD THE ORIGINAL X-MEN NOT INTERVENED!
AND AS THE SEVENTH OF THE SINISTER SEVEN, I CAME WITHIN AN INCH OF CRUSHING THE ACCURSED SPIDER-MAN FOR GOOD!
BUT THIS NEW ALLIANCE WILL BE THE MOST POTENT OF ALL! A MERGER OF MIND AND BODY--WITH AN UNSTOPPABLE SYMBIOTIC LIFE-FORM!
I WAS MASTER BLOOD... BUT NOW I AM PART OF SOMETHING GREATER STILL!

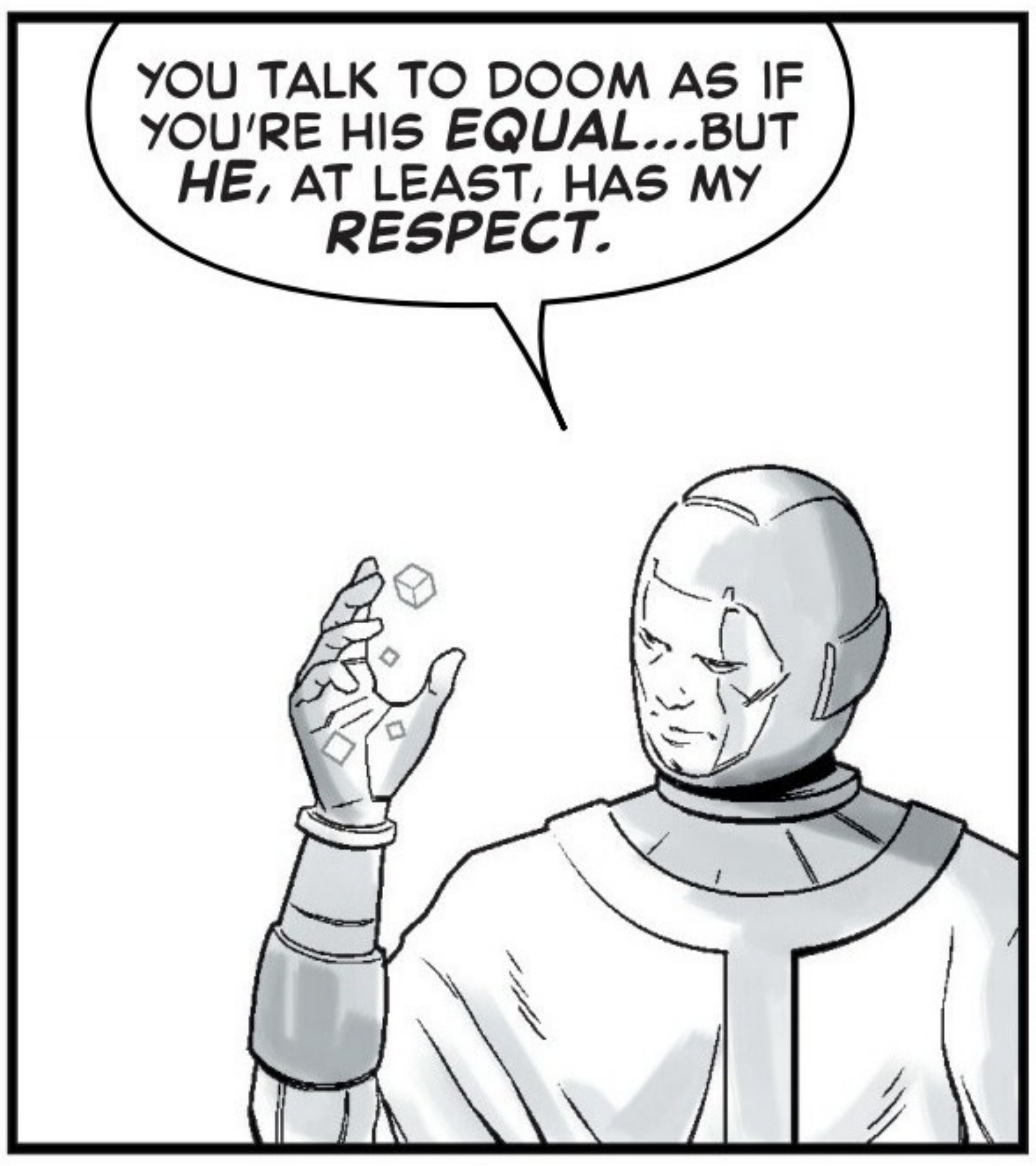
AND WE ARE... MASTER VENOM
WHICH IS A FRANKLY BIZARRE COINCIDENCE...
WHAT...?
...BUT I SUPPOSE THE TIMESTREAM LOVES A SNAPPY MONIKER.
KANG!
SO, THE GREAT CONQUEROR WANTS THIS WEAPON FOR HIMSELF, DOES HE?

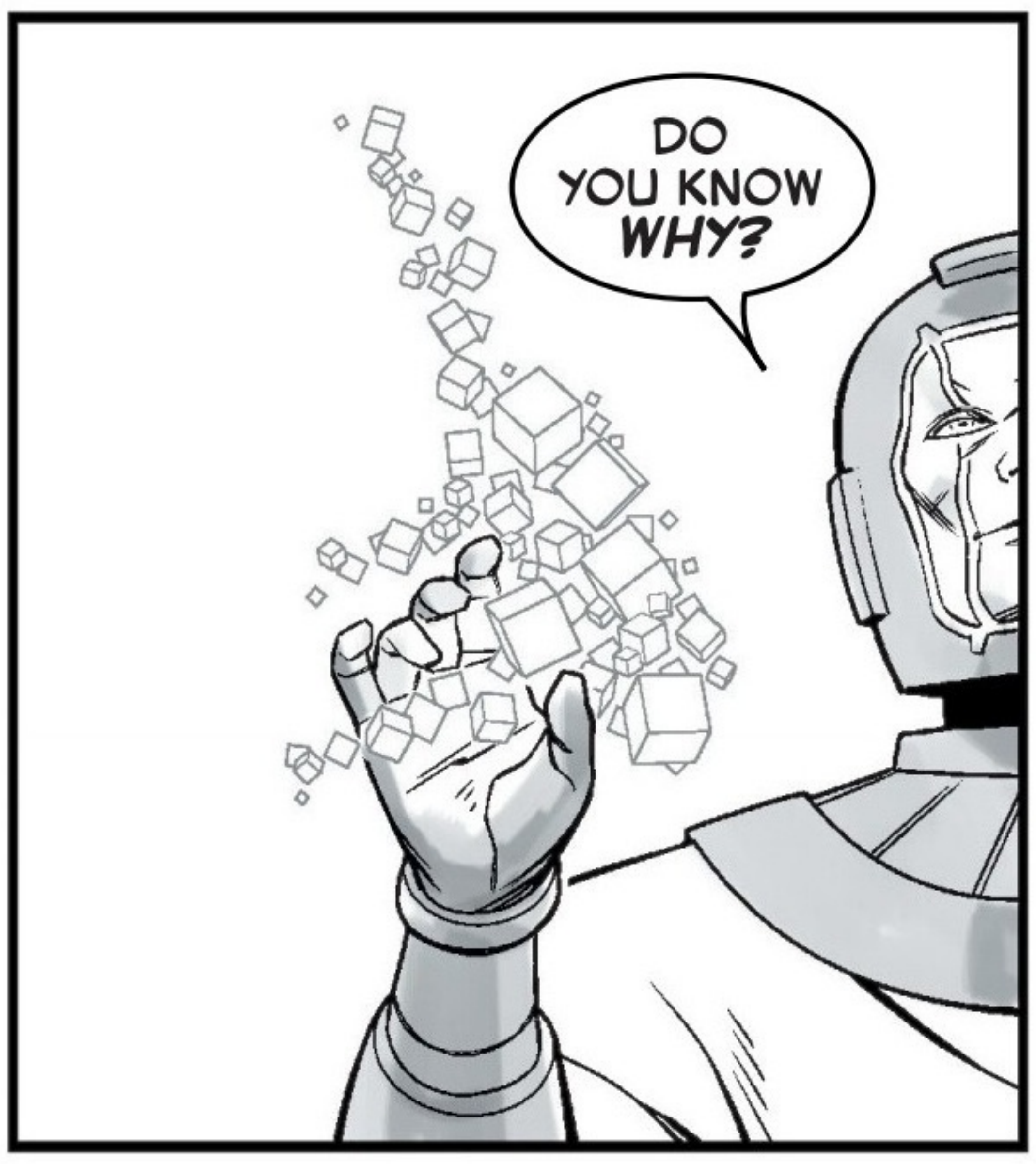
THEN LET ME *DEMONSTRATE* *ITS POWER!*
SYMBIOTE *BLADES...?*
THIS IS *FASCINATING,* NEVILLE.
DON'T CALL ME THAT! NEVILLE CHOLMONDLEY *NO LONGER EXISTS!*
MY *APOLOGIES*--IT'S JUST SO *RARE* TO SEE THE SYMBIOTE WITHOUT THE *TRADITIONAL BRANDING.*
THE BIG *EYES,* THE *WEBS...* THE *LOGO,* OF COURSE... AND IT'S GENERALLY *MONOCHROME. RED* IS SOMEONE *ELSE.*
WHAT ARE YOU *BABBLING* ABOUT, KANG? MY ALIEN ALLY DOESN'T *RECOGNIZE* YOU!
YOU'VE NEVER *MET* THIS SYMBIOTE BEFORE!
BUT I *HAVE* MET IT *AFTER.* IN THE COMPANY OF A *FRIEND* OF MINE.
VERY SOON, IT'S GOING TO MEET A MAN NAMED *EDWARD BROCK*--AND *EVENTUALLY,* WE'RE ALL GOING TO HAVE SOME VERY ENJOYABLE *CONQUESTS* TOGETHER.
SO VENOM IS *VITAL* TO MY HISTORY...
...AND I'M AFRAID YOU'RE *NOT!*
UNNH!

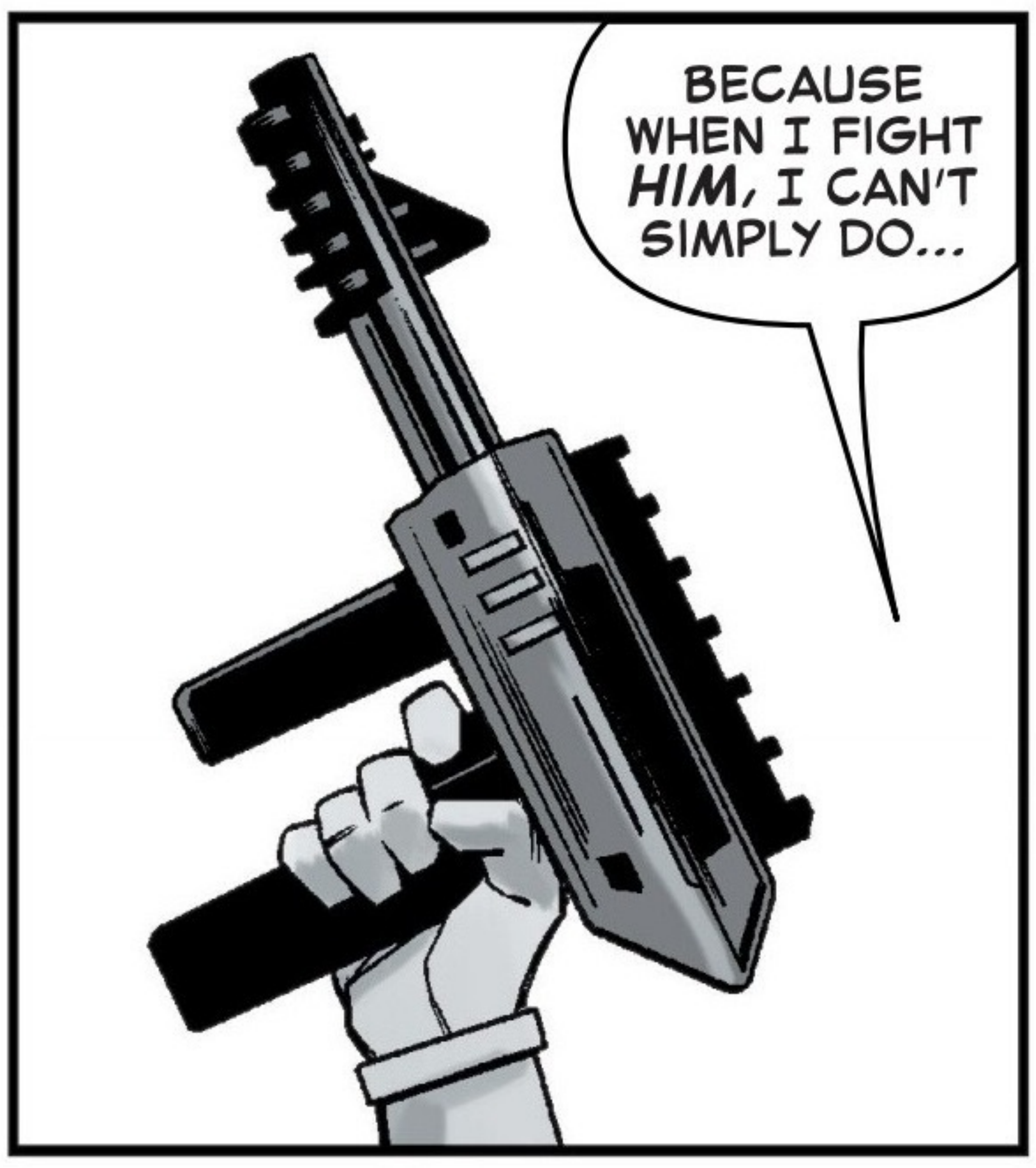

YOU DARE? I'LL DESTROY YOU FOR THAT--
LIKE YOU DESTROYED THE AVENGERS? THE X-MEN? EVEN SPIDER-MAN, ALL ON HIS OWN AGAINST SEVEN OF YOU?
BUT THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, ISN'T IT, BLOOD?

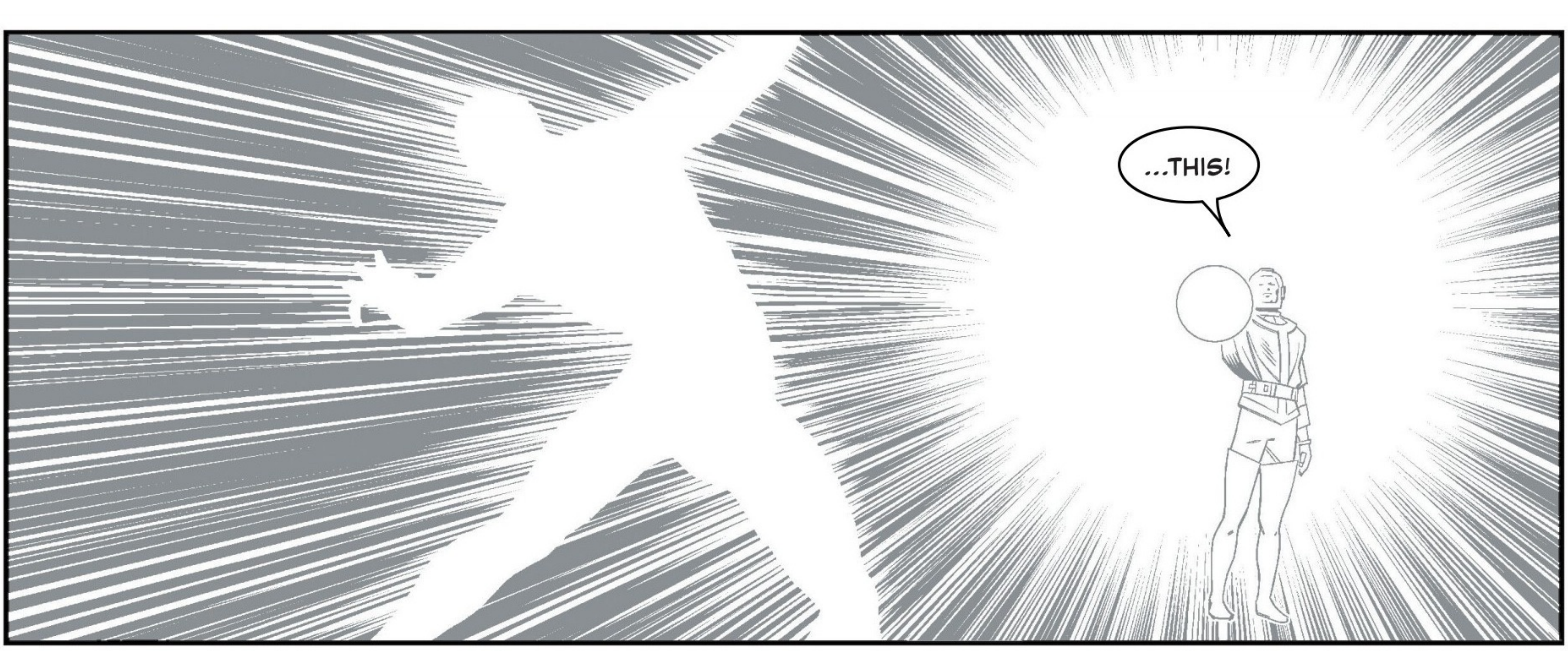

YOU'VE NEVER COMMITTED TO ANY BIG SCHEMES ON YOUR OWN...OR NONE WORTH MENTIONING, ANYWAY.
YOU ACT LIKE A GREAT MASTER PLANNER, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO THE ACTION YOU'VE ALWAYS NEEDED HELP--
--AND EVEN THEN, YOU STILL LOSE!


YOU CAN'T EVEN LOSE THIS FIGHT BY YOURSELF!
SHUT UP, KANG!
SHUT UP!


YOU TALK TO DOOM AS IF YOU'RE HIS EQUAL...BUT HE, AT LEAST, HAS MY RESPECT.


DO YOU KNOW WHY?


BECAUSE WHEN I FIGHT HIM, I CAN'T SIMPLY DO...


...THIS!

WHAT... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE...?
SIMPLE. I'VE WIPED YOU FROM TIME.
IN A FEW MOMENTS, YOU WILL CEASE TO EXIST-- AND TO HAVE EVER EXISTED.
THE ONLY ONE WHO'LL REMEMBER YOU IS ME...AND NOT FOR VERY LONG.
IT--IT CAN'T BE! I'M MASTER BLOOD! MASTER BLOOD!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
ACTUALLY, OUT OF EVERYONE HERE, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN DO THIS TO. THE GREAT MASTER BLOOD MADE THAT SMALL OF AN IMPACT.
EVEN PILEDRIVER COULDN'T BE ERASED LIKE THIS...NOT WITHOUT SPLITTING THE TIMELINE. BUT YOU, BLOOD?
AT THE VERY HEIGHT OF YOUR RELEVANCE, YOU WERE AS IMPORTANT TO HISTORY...
...AS A WISP OF SMOKE.
WHICH LEAVES YOU BACK IN CONTAINMENT, MY SYMBIOTE FRIEND-- WAITING FOR SPIDER-MAN TO FIND YOU.
I'LL SEE YOU IN A FEW YEARS...

"...A CENTURY AGO!"
HMM?
DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, KANG?
JUST NOTICING YOUR SCRYING SPELL, ENCHANTRESS. THAT'S HAPPENING NOW?
DOOM'S ALIVE, THEN?
AYE-- BATTERED, BUT WHOLE, AND ON HIS WAY HERE...
...WHILE THE UNKNOWING OTTO OCTAVIUS ARGUES FOR HIM AS OUR GENERAL IN THIS WAR.
AS IF AN IMMORTAL GODDESS SHOULD FALL IN LINE LIKE A GOOD LITTLE SOLDIER...
WELL, WE ALL PLAY OUT OUR ROLES... DON'T WE?
FROM OTHER MORTALS, I MIGHT CONSIDER THAT AN INSULT--BUT YOU ARE NOT QUITE LIKE OTHER MORTALS, KANG. YOU ARE UNBOUND IN TIME.
THUS, YOU UNDERSTAND THE INTRICACIES IN THE THREADS OF FATE. THAT SOME DESTINIES MAY BE ALTERED...AND SOME MAY NOT.
TRUE.
WE ALL THINK WE CAN COLOR OUTSIDE THE LINES. BUT IN THE END, HISTORY IS WRITTEN...
...IN BLACK AND WHITE.
CHEERS.
END.

DAILY B
FANTASTIC FOUR EXHIBITION RO
MUSEUM CLOSED BY THE NYPD FOR
THE PROBLEMS BEGAN A FEW WEEKS AFTER THE *EXHIBITION* OPENED.
A FIRE IN THE HUMAN TORCH SECTION, A PROBLEM WITH THE ANIMATRONICS, AND A GIANT GALACTUS PROJECTED INTO THE NEW YORK SKY WERE ENOUGH FOR THE MUSEUM TO CLOSE THE EXHIBITION UNTIL THE *FANTASTIC FOUR* RETURNED TO EARTH.
A FEW DAYS LATER, ALL ITS CONTENTS DISAPPEARED.
BUT WHO STOLE EVERYTHING?
THE EXHIBITION WAS A PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN THE MUSEUM OF TECHNOLOGY AND REED RICHARDS HIMSELF, WHO DEVELOPED A HYPER-REALISTIC *PROJECTION SYSTEM* FOR THE AUGMENTED-REALITY SPECTACLE.
9-1-1. WHAT'S THE EMERGENCY?
THERE WAS NOTHING OF REAL VALUE IN THE MUSEUM'S COLLECTION. SO WHOEVER STOLE IT WAS LOOKING FOR ONE THING: FANTASTIC FOUR TECHNOLOGY.
THE LIGHTS IN THE MUSEUM, I THINK THEY WERE ON...
SO HOW DO YOU GET OUT OF THERE WITH ALL THAT STUFF WITHOUT LEAVING A TRACE?
QUENTIN BEC
QUENTIN BECK IS A SPECIAL EFFECTS EXPERT. AND WITH REED'S EQUIPMENT, HE'D BE ABLE TO CREATE AN ILLUSION THAT WOULD FOOL THE POLICE OR ANYONE ELSE...
IF I'M RIGHT, THE CULPRIT IS STILL IN THERE.
FANTASTIC 4
CANCELED
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE DO NOT C
POLICE LINE DO NOT
MYSTERIO...
...HE'S THE LAST PERSON I WANTED TO FIGHT.
EVER SINCE I GOT BACK FROM *SPACE,* MY HEAD'S BEEN A MESS.
I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S THE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS OR BECAUSE I'VE BEEN AWAY FROM EARTH, BUT THIS IS A BAD TIME TO BE DEALING WITH HIS MIND GAMES.
HOWEVER, WITH THE FANTASTIC FOUR OUT OF TOWN, *SOMEONE'S* GOTTA DO SOMETHING.
AND MYSTERIO WITH REED RICHARDS' TECHNOLOGY IS TOO BIG A PROBLEM FOR ME TO TURN A BLIND EYE.
INTERACTIVE EXHIBITION 2 P.M. AT ROOM G-3
HEY, BUBBLE HEAD!
I KNOW YOU'RE THERE. I CAME TO GET MY REFUND. THIS SHOW SUCKS.
INTERACTIVE EXHIBITION 2 P.M. AT ROOM G-3

BUT I BET YOU'LL LOVE OUR NEXT THEME.
BINGO. I WAS RIGHT.
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO COME.
I'VE PREPARED SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR YOU, SPIDER-MAN.
HOWEVER, I THOUGHT IT MIGHT TAKE YOU A LITTLE LONGER TO SHOW UP...
...SO I APOLOGIZE IF THIS ALL SEEMS A LITTLE TOO AGGRESSIVE.
IT'S STILL IN THE TESTING PHASE, BUT I HOPE YOU LIKE IT.
WOW!
TWHIP
TWHIP
WELCOME TO THE GRAND CELEBRATION OF YOUR SPIDER-MAN CAREER!
OKAY, I MUST ADMIT, THIS IS A LOT MORE ELABORATE THAN THAT TIME YOU MADE ME DREAM I WAS GOING TO THE BATHROOM!
TWHIP
HUH?
WHAT?! SPIDER-SENSE GIVING ME NOTHING?
THAT WAS CLOSE!
UNNF!
WHAT?
I WASN'T EXPECTING THAT.
THAT'S AN OLDIE.
MY FIRST TV APPEARANCE.
Today on Studio 5
THE SPECTACULAR
THE UNBREA
AND ONLY
SPIDER-MAN
THAT WAS THE DAY THAT...
BUT WAS IT REALLY LIKE THIS?
IT SEEMS SO REA--
BLAM
UNGH!
THIS ONE, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN EXPECTING.

CORNERSTONE

Leonardo Romero
Story & Art

WHAT WOULD A GREAT HERO BE WITHOUT HIS *ROGUES' GALLERY?*
THE GREAT PARTNERS IN CREATING HIS LEGACY.
THIS PARTNERSHIP SUCKS!
THE GOOD PART ABOUT MYSTERIO'S ANIMATRONICS IS THAT I DON'T HAVE TO HOLD BACK.
BLAM!
...BUT WITH SO MANY GOOD VILLAINS, WHO COULD I LEAVE OUT?
I MADE SURE TO BRING THE MOST ICONIC ONES...
SHHK
DAMN! WITH REED'S PROJECTOR, IT'S HARD TO KNOW WHAT'S REAL.
OCK'S TENTACLES ARE REAL, BUT HIS BODY IS A PROJECTION.
THAK
SWOOOSHH
WITHOUT ANY MODESTY, OF COURSE I COULDN'T BE LEFT OUT OF THIS.
THIS ONE AND HIS TEETH? REAL!
FOR NOW, I'LL BE A MERE SPECTATOR. BUT WHEN THIS IS OVER, I'LL BE THE ONE STANDING OVER YOUR *CORPSE.* BUT IT'S A WORTHY REWARD FOR ALL THE HARD WORK I'VE DONE.
THANKS TO MY BIOORGANIC WEBBING, I DON'T HAVE TO STAND HERE LISTENING TO THIS.
TWHIP
ARE YOU TAKING SUGGESTIONS ON THIS ADVANCE SCREENING?
BECAUSE THIS NARRATION SUCKS!
BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!
?
WHAT? *NO!*
DID I?!
NO! IT'S JUST AN ILLUSION! BUT THE SENSATION... THE BLOOD...
IT'S OKAY.
IT HAPPENS, DOESN'T IT?
THIS IS THE CORNERSTONE OF YOUR LEGACY.
FOR EVERY LIFE YOU *SAVE,* ANOTHER *HUNDRED* ARE LOST.
AND TODAY, THEY WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN.
EVERYTHING MUST BE CELEBRATED...

KRAK
ALL THESE YEARS OF FIGHTING WOULD SURELY LEAVE A MARK ON THE LIVES OF COUNTLESS PEOPLE.
HOW MANY TIMES WERE YOU *TOO LATE?*
HOW MANY *HOPES* HAVE YOU DASHED?
HOW MANY HOMES HAVE YOU AND SOME *LUNATIC* DESTROYED IN SOME SENSELESS CLASH?
SPIDER MENAC
EXPLOSION A 5TH AVENUE
FAMILY MISS AFTER SPIDER-MA AND SANDMAN FI
BUILDING COLLAPS MANHATTA CASUALTIE
SPIDER-MAN AND D DESTROY JEWLERY 3 VICTIMS HOSPITALIZED
POLICE CAPTA DEAD GEORGE STACY WAS KILLED IN A CLASH BETWEEN SPIDER-MAN AND CTOR OCTOPUS
SPIDER-MA SPOTTED A
SWHHHHHH
HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN AFFECTED BY THE SIMPLE FACT OF YOUR EXISTENCE?
THE BLOOD, OR *WHATEVER* THAT LIQUID IS, IS STICKY.
I CAN'T GET UP.
I...*THEY* WERE DESTINED FOR GREAT THINGS.
BUT YOUR HEROIC ASPIRATIONS GOT IN THE WAY.
TODAY, I WILL GIVE THESE PEOPLE A VOICE.
MAY THEY TOO CELEBRATE THE GREAT SPIDER-MAN IN THEIR OWN WAY.
I WILL LEAVE YOU ALONE.
BUT WHILE THEIR BLOOD FILLS THIS ROOM.
STOP.
AND LISTEN CAREFULLY TO WHAT THEY HAVE TO SAY.
THAT FACE...
WHY DIDN'T YOU PROTECT US, SON?
GEORGE?
I...
HE'S NOT REAL.
BUT IF HE'S HERE, COULD SHE...?
POLICE CAPT DAUGHTER F DEAD AT BRO SPIDER-MAN supposedly in
NO!
TRUE OR NOT...
I CAN'T.
THIS
IS
ENOUGH!
BLAM
ZPRRRK
ZRRRRH
THERE.
TWHIP
SHRRRK

KRRNK
NO!
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO STAY THERE! IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE SO QUICK!
BEATING UP DEAD PEOPLE? WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?!
MY NOTES!
I NEED TO REMEMBER!
UNGH!
THOMP
GHK!
SWK
I GOT HIM. AND THE PROJECTOR.
IT'S OVER.

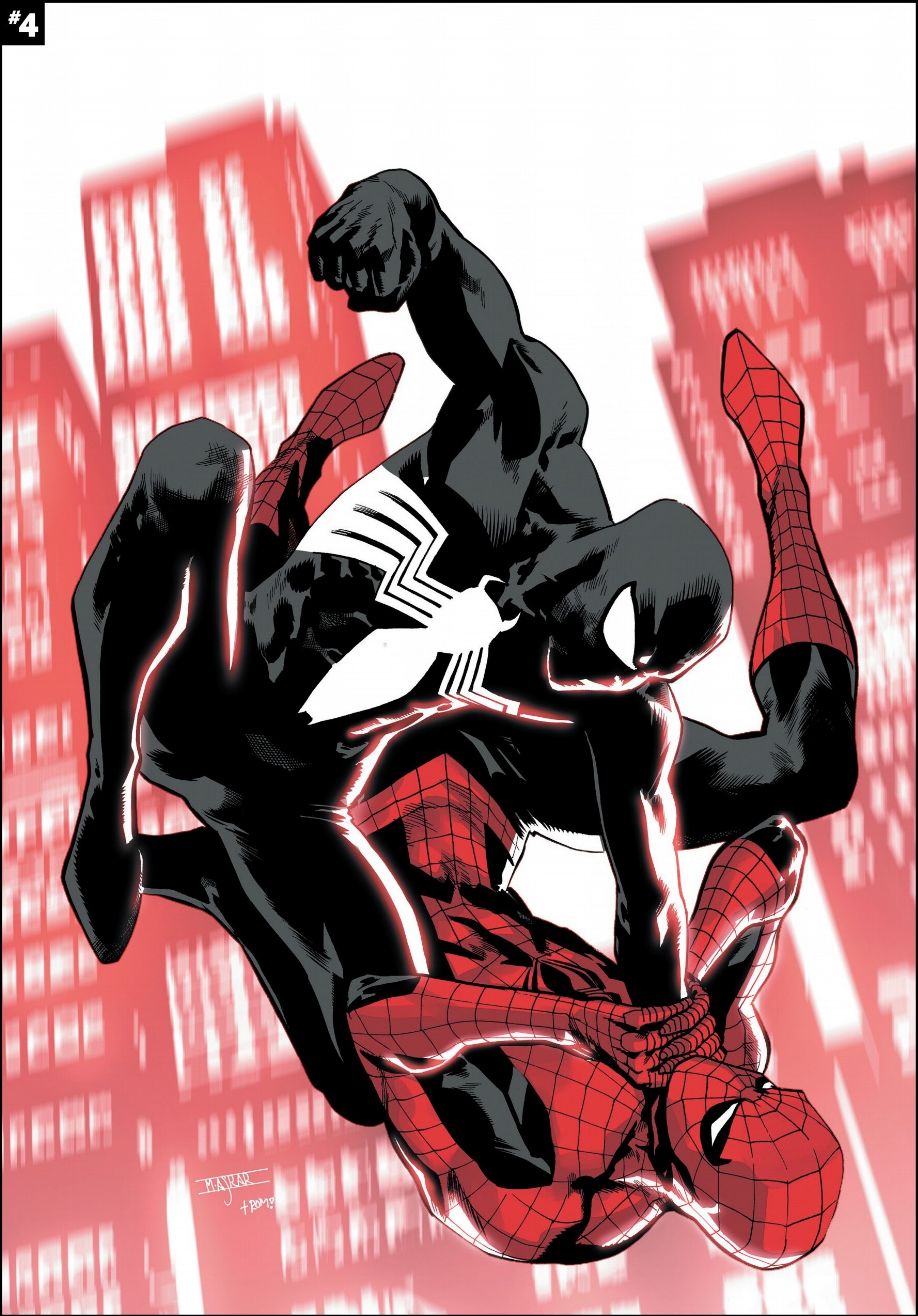
I JUST NEED TO LET HIM GO AND...
KRUNCH
KRAK
NO.
POW
THIS ISN'T RIGHT.
I HAVE TO...
BLAM
THUK
I MUST STOP.
KRANK
YES. FOCUS.
BAM
BRK
KRK
Ben   Brant sh
NO!
Philadelphia mob an
Spider-Man
POLICE CAPT
G   E STA
WHAT? WHY CAN'T I STOP?
KRAK
THESE FACES...
HE
HURTS
Gwen Stacy, 2
US!
KRAK
KRAK
FACES.
I REMEMBER.
Today on Studio 5
THE SPECTACULAR
THE UNBREAKABLE
THE ONE AND ONLY
SPIDER-MAN
I REMEMBER ONE MORE FACE...

HOS
CHECKING HIS VITAL SIGNS.
LET'S GET HIM TO THE I.C.U. I WANT A FULL BATTERY OF IMAGING TESTS TO RULE OUT ANY SERIOUS INTERNAL INJURIES.
PULSE RATE AND BLOOD PRESSURE ARE *STABLE.*
WOW, DID YOU SEE HIS FACE? THIS SPIDER-MAN DUDE IS CRAZY!
YEAH! THE *BUGLE* WILL LOVE TO HEAR ABOUT THIS. TEN BUCKS THAT TOMORROW'S COVER WILL BE THAT GUY'S FACE.
IT'S FAKE.
THE POSTER MYSTERIO USED WASN'T THE REAL ONE.
BUT I'M GLAD IT WAS THERE.
I DON'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT WAS WRITTEN IN THE ORIGINAL.
NEIGHBOURHOOD SPIDER-MAN
BUT IT REMINDED ME OF THAT DAY.
TWHIP
Today on Studio5
THE SPECTACULAR
THE UNBREAKABLE
THE ONE AND ONLY
SPIDER-MAN
THE *MEMORY* OF *YOU* WAS WHAT SAVED ME TODAY.
THAT VOICE IN MY HEAD...
I NEED TO UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME, FAST.
UNTIL THEN, IT'S GOOD TO KNOW I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON YOU, *UNCLE.*
END.

#1 VARIANT BY **Ron Frenz**, **Brett Breeding** & **Alex Sinclair**

FRENZ & BREEDING
SINC.

#4



If you are struggling with thoughts of suicide, or are worried about a friend or loved one, please reach out to a counselor or someone you trust or dial 988 for the Suicide and Crisis Lifeline.

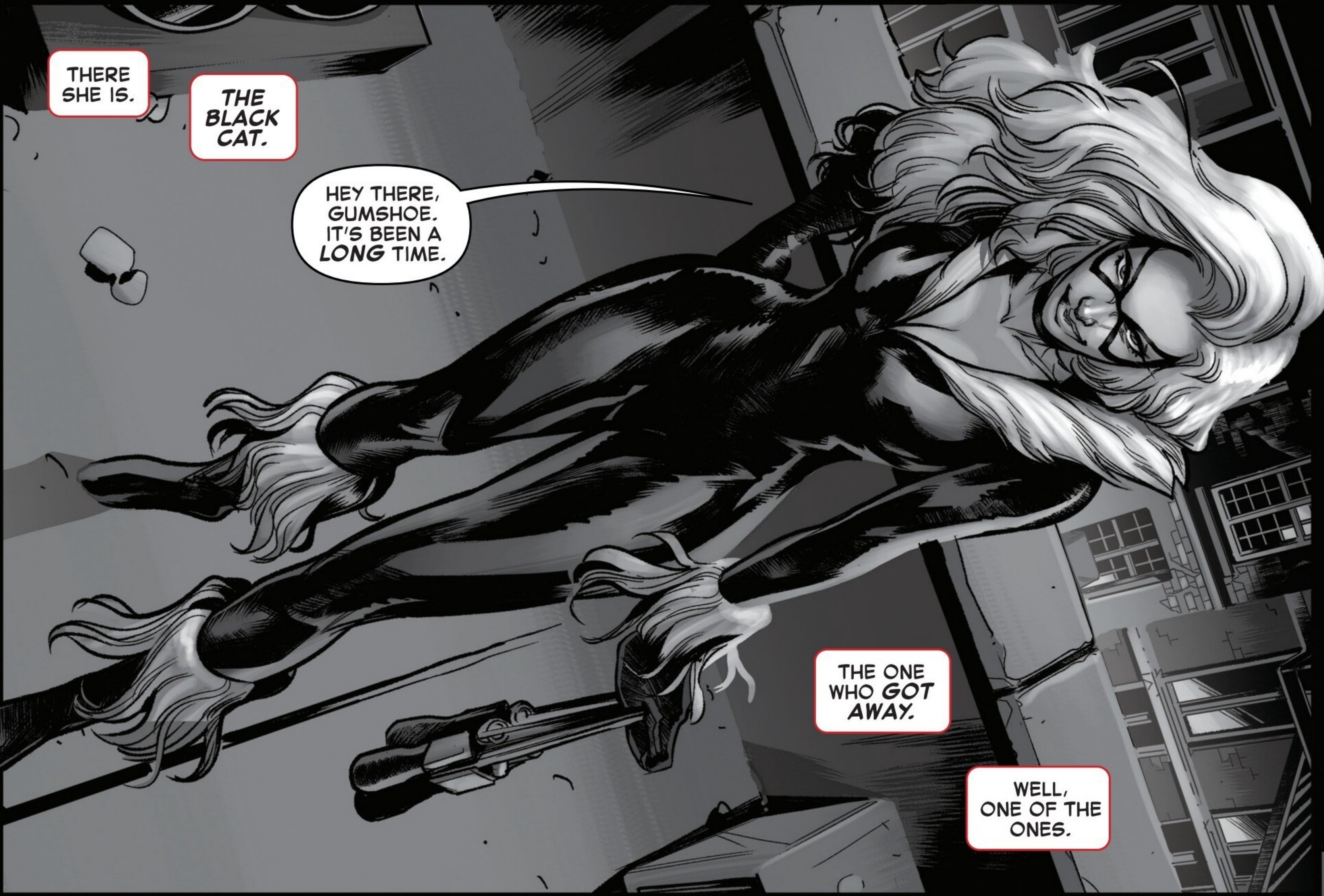
IT'S HANGING THERE LIKE AN *OMEN.*
THAT PART OF YOUR LIFE YOU THOUGHT WAS *OVER?*
IT'S STILL *THERE--* IT'S JUST *HIDING* BEHIND THE WINTER JACKETS AND THE *OLD SHIRTS* YOU KEEP SAYING YOU'LL *GIVE AWAY.*
IT'S A LITTLE *FADED* NOW.
BUT IT *REMINDS* YOU THAT LIFE ALMOST *NEVER* TURNS OUT THE WAY YOU *THINK* IT WILL.
AND YOU START TO *WONDER* WHAT YOU COULD HAVE DONE *DIFFERENTLY.*

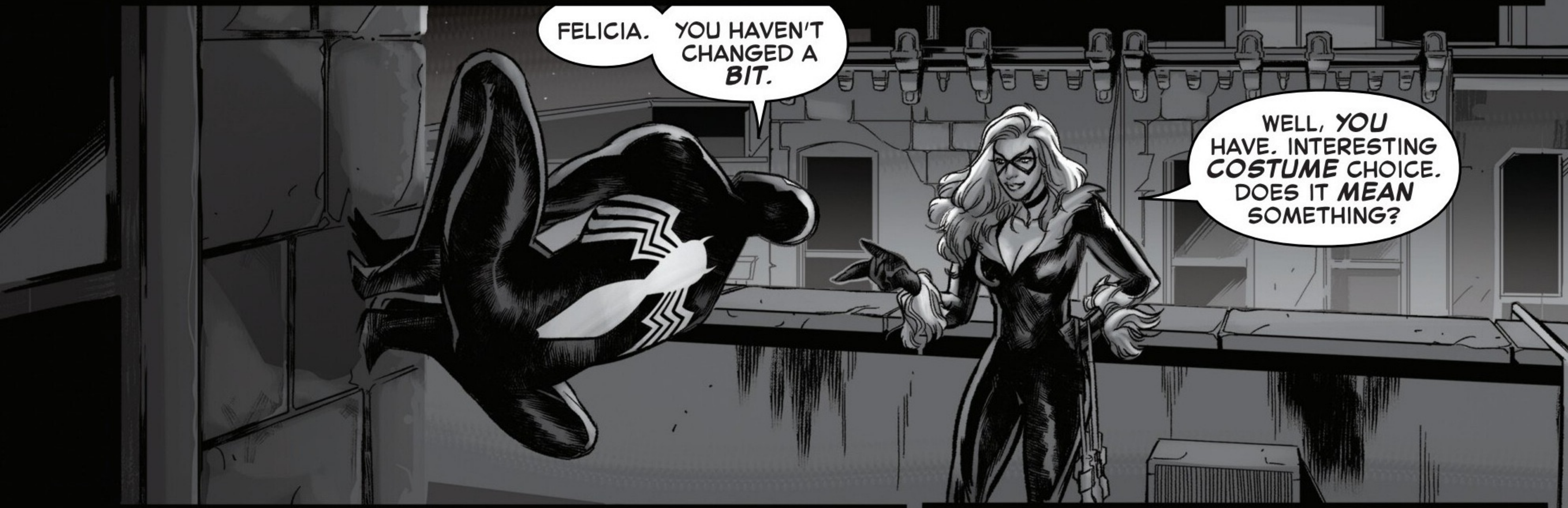
PAST LIVES

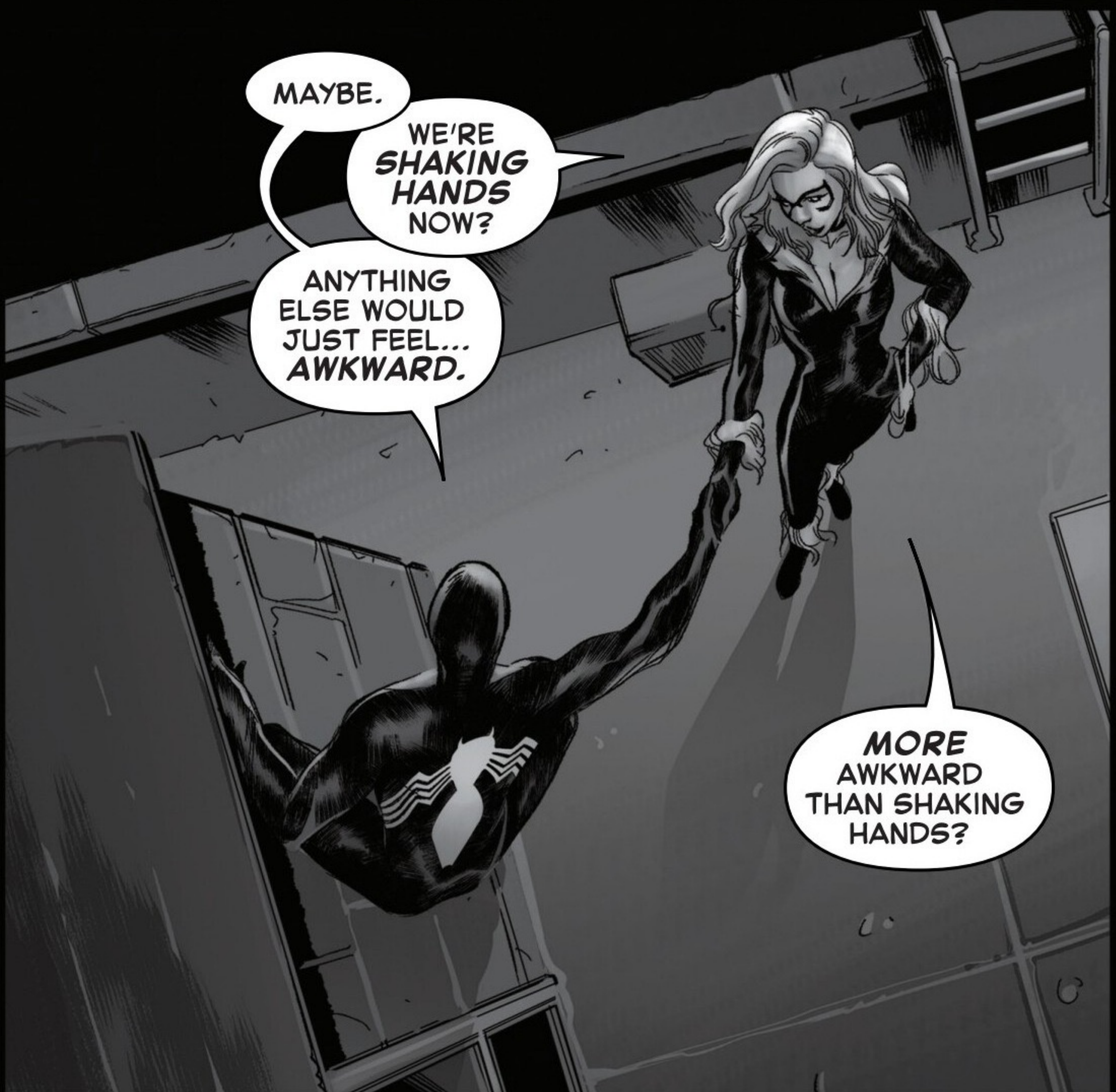
G.Willow Wilson Writer
Valentina Pinti Artist
Luis Wences Color Artist

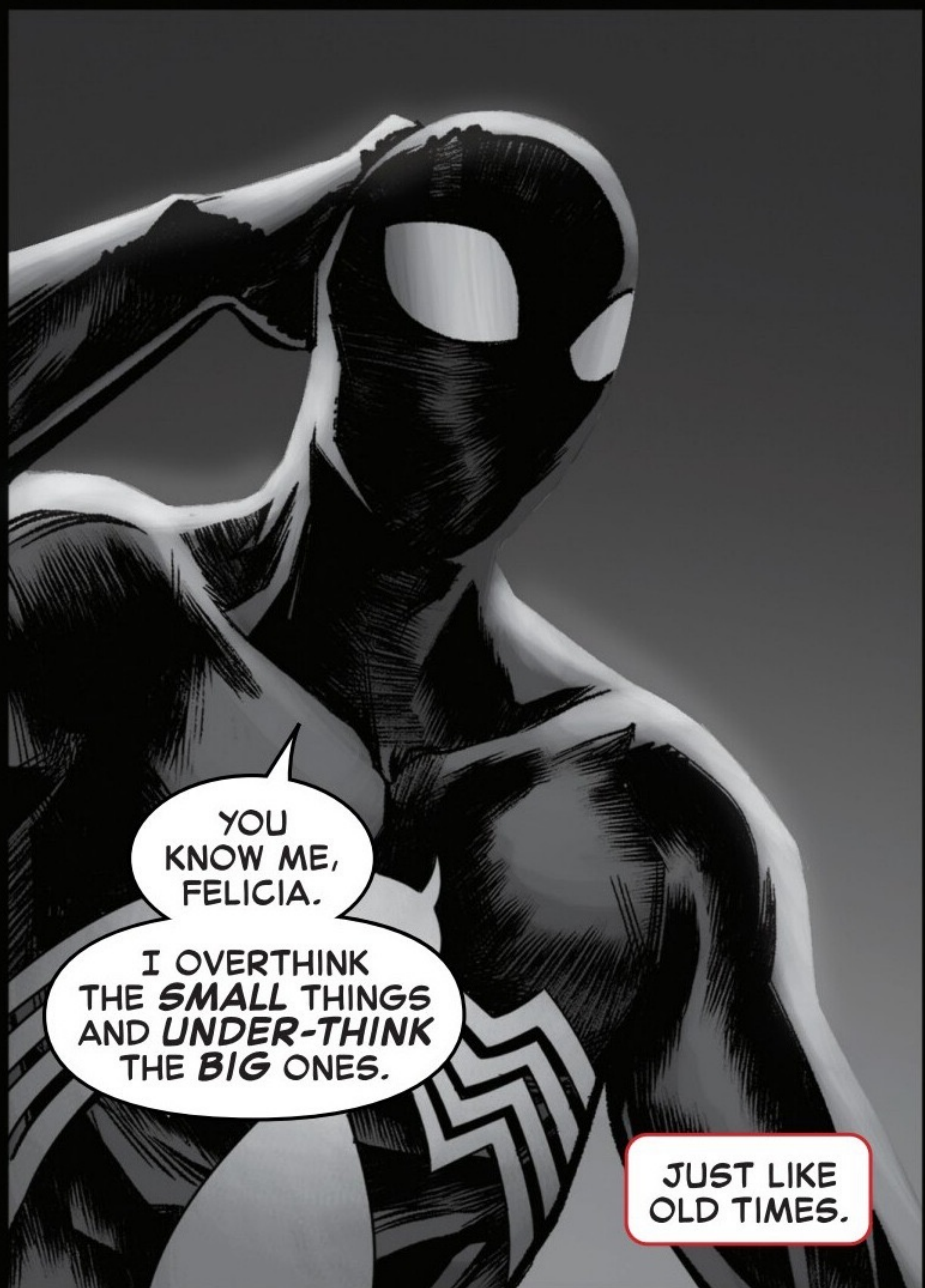
Suitcase bomb? Trouble at LATVERIAN Embassy
I THOUGHT I'D *NEVER* PUT ON THIS SUIT AGAIN.
BUT I HAVE TO *DO* SOMETHING *SPIDER-MAN* WOULDN'T DO. NOT WEARING *RED AND BLUE.*
THE *CITY* IS ON HIGH *ALERT.*
Suitcase bomb? Trouble at LATVERIAN Embassy
THERE ARE *RUMORS* THAT THE *LATVERIAN EMBASSY* IS HIDING A NEW *TECHNOLOGY.* A *BOMB* SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT IN A BACKPACK OR UNDER A *SEAT.*
LAW ENFORCEMENT *CAN'T* ENTER THE EMBASSY WITHOUT CAUSING A DIPLOMATIC CRISIS.
WHICH MEANS *SOMEONE* HAS TO *BREAK* THE LAW.
SOMEONE *OUTSIDE* THE SYSTEM. SOMEONE WILLING TO TAKE THE *BLAME.*
NO ONE EVER SAID THIS JOB WAS *EASY.*

BUT I CAN'T DO IT *ALONE.*
I'M NOT A TRAINED *THIEF.* WELL, NOT *REALLY.*
NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO BURGLE A HIGH-SECURITY BUILDING WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT.
SPACK!
BUT I KNOW SOMEONE WHO IS.
OH, I'VE *MISSED* WATCHING YOU SHOW UP LIKE THIS.


THERE SHE IS.
THE BLACK CAT.
HEY THERE, GUMSHOE. IT'S BEEN A *LONG* TIME.
THE ONE WHO *GOT AWAY.*
WELL, ONE OF THE ONES.


FELICIA.
YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A *BIT.*
WELL, *YOU* HAVE. INTERESTING *COSTUME* CHOICE. DOES IT *MEAN* SOMETHING?


MAYBE.
WE'RE *SHAKING HANDS* NOW?
ANYTHING ELSE WOULD JUST FEEL... *AWKWARD.*
MORE AWKWARD THAN SHAKING HANDS?


YOU KNOW ME, FELICIA.
I OVERTHINK THE *SMALL* THINGS AND *UNDER-THINK* THE *BIG* ONES.
JUST LIKE OLD TIMES.

WE GET STRAIGHT TO WORK.
GUARDS... CAMERAS... WE'LL HAVE TO GET IN THROUGH THE HVAC SYSTEM.
BUT I'M ALREADY HAVING DOUBTS.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS, YOU KNOW.
YOU'LL HAVE A TARGET ON YOUR BACK IF WE'RE CAUGHT. IT'S A BIG RISK.
IS THAT WHY YOU DRAGGED THIS SUIT OUT OF THE MOTHBALLS? BECAUSE YOU'RE FEELING GUILTY IN ADVANCE?
I GUESS THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.
CAN'T EVEN BEAR TO COMMIT A CRIME WHEN IT COULD SAVE HUNDREDS OF LIVES.
ALWAYS FASCINATING TO HEAR WHAT HEROES THINK GOODNESS IS.
ARE YOU GOING TO HELP OR NOT?
OF COURSE I'M GOING TO HELP.
WITHOUT ME, YOU'LL END UP DOING SOMETHING STUPID.

"C'MON, GUMSHOE. LET'S GET THIS *OVER* WITH."
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE DOING *PATROLS* AROUND THE PERIMETER OF THE BUILDING.
THREE TIMES THE NUMBER OF GUARDS THEY'VE USUALLY GOT. WHATEVER THEY'RE *PROTECTING* MUST BE PRETTY *IMPORTANT.*
YOU'RE NOT *SCARED,* ARE YOU?
I KNOW FOR A *FACT* YOU'VE FACED *WORSE.*
IT'S WHEN SHE SAYS STUFF LIKE THIS THAT I *REMEMBER* WHY WE *BROKE UP.*
GUESS I BETTER GO *WITH* HER...

IT'S *QUIET* INSIDE.
MAKES YOU WONDER WHERE THE NEXT UNPLEASANT *SURPRISE* IS GOING TO COME FROM.
PAFF!
I'VE GOT NO INFO ABOUT WHERE THEY MIGHT BE *HIDING* THIS THING.
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO *SCOPE* THE PLACE OUT.
I'M NOT SO SURE. LOOK OVER *THERE.*
YOU DON'T THINK THAT MIGHT BE *IT,* DO YOU?
...HUH.
LATVERIANS. ALWAYS SO *SUBTLE.*
HMM.
DIFFICULT, BUT WITH A LITTLE *LUCK,* NOT *IMPOSSIBLE...*
IF I CAN LEVERAGE THE *BRIEFCASE* AROUND THE BEAMS *SEQUENTIALLY,* I MIGHT BE ABLE TO--
THOOM!

SORRY. IT JUST SEEMED *FASTER.*
WAY TO STEAL MY *GLORY.*
YOU'RE JUST *MAD* THAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PULL OFF THIS *HEIST* BY *MYSELF* AFTER ALL.
LOOKS LIKE I'VE STILL GOT THE *SKILLS.*
STOP! THAT *PEDESTAL* HAS A WEIGHTED--
BWAAM! BWAAM! BWAAM! BWAAM! BWAAM! BWAAM!
PLEASE DON'T SAY "I TOLD YOU SO."
FINE, I *WON'T.* JUST GET US *OUT* OF HERE.

BWAAM! BWAAM! BWAAM!
DON'T LOOK DOWN!
I NEVER DO.
YOU ALMOST GOT US *KILLED* BACK THERE.
YOU STILL HAVEN'T LEARNED TO *LISTEN.* NOT WHEN IT *COUNTS.*
DON'T DO THIS *NOW--*
I'M NOT DOING *ANYTHING.*
I'M JUST SAYING... SOMETIMES, YOUR *OPTIMISM* LOOKS A LOT LIKE *OVERCONFIDENCE.*
SHE'S NOT *WRONG.*
UGH!
WHEW.
YOU COULD HAVE *WARNED* ME.
SORRY. I DIDN'T PLAN FOR SUCH A *QUICK EXIT.*

SOMEHOW, WE MANAGE TO MAKE IT OUT OF THE VENTILATION SYSTEM WITHOUT *INCIDENT.*
WHOOSH
IT HELPS WHEN PEOPLE USUALLY *LOOK* FOR YOU IN THE *WRONG* PLACES.
IT HELPS WHEN *YOU* DON'T KNOW *WHERE* YOU'RE GOING TO END UP *YOURSELF.*
I GUESS THIS IS *GOODBYE.*
YOU BARELY SAID *HELLO.*
OH WELL. LIKE YOU SAID BACK THERE--
--YOU DIDN'T REALLY *NEED* ME ANYWAY. JUST AS A *GOOD-LUCK* CHARM. NOT AS A *PARTNER.*
I WANT TO SAY IT'S *MORE* THAN THAT.
SOME THINGS *NEVER* CHANGE.
BUT I'VE LEARNED TO STOP TRYING TO GET THE *LAST WORD.*
SO I JUST *THINK* IT.
THERE ON THE ROOF IN THE *BLACK SUIT,* REVISITING A *PAST LIFE.*
THE KIND YOU NEVER *QUITE* LEAVE *BEHIND.*
END.

EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY, WHERE PETER PARKER'S LONG DAY INTO NIGHT IS FINALLY OVER.
OR SO HE *THINKS...!*
OH MAN!
WHO KNEW TRANSCRIBING DR. SWANN'S NOTES WOULD TAKE SO LONG? FEEL LIKE I COULD SLEEP FOR A WEEK!
TWO, IF THE DREAMS ARE GOOD!
HNH? SOMEONE TALKING? ANOTHER TEACHING ASSISTANT ROPED INTO AFTER-HOURS DRUDGERY?
SOUNDS LIKE IT'S COMING FROM ***PROFESSOR HENSLEY'S*** LAB.
MAYBE WE CAN SHARE TALES OF SUBORDINATE SERVITUDE OVER A CUP OF COFF--
--EE...?

THE ACHILLES SHIELD

David Michelinie
Writer

Tadam Gyadu
Artist

Dee Cunniffe
Color Artist

IT'S NOT ENOUGH! IT'S NOT *NEARLY* ENOUGH!

THAT...*LOOKS* LIKE PROFESSOR HENSLEY. SORT OF.
BUT IT LOOKS *MORE* LIKE SOMETHING THAT NEEDS CHECKING INTO BY--
--A CERTAIN NOSEY *SPIDER!*
HAVE I REALLY FALLEN THIS LOW? A COMMON THIEF, ROBBING A *LIQUOR STORE?*
DAMMIT! HAVE TO KEEP FOCUS, REMEMBER IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO BUY BACK MY *FUTURE!*
MAYBE TOMORROW, IN DAYLIGHT...MAYBE I COULD ROB A *BANK?*
MY VOTE?
UH-UH!
S-SPIDER-MAN?!

I DON'T GET IT: YOU'RE AN EDUCATOR, A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST!
HOW COULD YOU THROW ALL THAT AWAY OUT OF *GREED?*
GREED? NO.
A *DREAM.*
ONE THAT TURNED INTO A *NIGHTMARE!*
"I WAS DEVELOPING A NEW POLYMER TO BE SPRAYED ON CARS TO DISCOURAGE SCRATCHES AND THE LIKE.
"BUT I SUCCEEDED *FAR* BEYOND MY ORIGINAL GOALS!
"MY FORMULA WAS LIKE LIQUID STEEL! SO I REPURPOSED, FIGURED IF SPRAYED ON FLAK JACKETS AND SUCH IT MIGHT GIVE POLICE AND SOLDIERS A GREATER LEVEL OF *PROTECTION.*
"SO I 'BORROWED' A SPEED SKATING UNIFORM FROM E.S.U.'S SPORTS DEPARTMENT, TO EXPERIMENT ON IN AN ISOLATED BASEMENT.
"AND IT *WORKED!*
"I TERMED MY FORMULA *THE ACHILLES SHIELD*, AFTER A FIGURE IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY WHOSE SKIN WAS INVULNERABLE.
"AS A FINAL TEST I TRIED IT... ON *MYSELF!*"

AND THAT'S WHERE THE *NIGHTMARE* BEGAN. YOU SEE, LIKE ACHILLES, THE FORMULA HAD A *FLAW:*
IT CAN'T BE *REMOVED!*
IT BONDS WITH THE EPIDERMIS, EVEN THROUGH CLOTH. AS A RESULT, I CAN NO LONGER FEEL...
...ANYTHING!
MY WIFE'S LIPS WHEN WE KISS, MY INFANT GRANDDAUGHTER'S HEARTBEAT WHEN I HOLD HER, EVEN THE SOFTEST BREEZE ON MY FACE...!
NOTHING.
I WANTED MONEY TO FUND FURTHER RESEARCH, FIND A SOLUTION. AND I *MUST!*
OTHERWISE, FOR ME LIVING IS A NEW LEVEL OF HELL. I SIMPLY CANNOT *EXIST* WITHOUT FEELING! COULD...
...COULD *YOU?*
LIQUOR-STORE GUY SAID THE PERP RAN THIS WAY. AND THAT CAMPUS COP SAW HIM GO INTO THIS BUILDING.
JUST WHAT NEW YORK NEEDS-- ANOTHER *SUPER VILLAIN!*
PDNY

RIGHT, SO BE CAREFUL--WE DON'T KNOW WHAT KINDA POWERS HE HAS! MY FIRST RIDE-ALONG WAS *KILLED* BY A SUPER VILLAIN--
--AND I WON'T ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN *AGAIN!*
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH, PROFESSOR. BUT IF YOU JUST STAY COOL--
YEAH, *REAL* COOL!
LIKE *FREEZE!*
WAIT! HE ISN'T DANGEROUS!
IT'S TRUE! I'M A *VICTIM!* ALL BECAUSE OF *THIS!*
BUT I WON'T LET IT DESTROY ANYONE ELSE!
EVER!
LOOK OUT! COULD BE TOXIC!
OR AN *EXPLOSIVE!* DEADLY FORCE--
--AUTHORIZED!
NO!
BDAM
BDAM
KDOW

RICOCHETS HITTING COPS! THEY'RE GONNA KILL *EACH OTHER!*
GOT TO GET THOSE GUNS AWAY, BEFORE BULLETS HIT SOMETHING MORE--
THWIP
CHINK
KRISH
--VOLATILE!
FWA-WHOOSH
BAD TO WORSE! FLAMES BLOCKING THE DOOR!
POLICE ARE TRAPPED!

AND HENSLEY'S GETTING AWAY! I'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH THAT LATER!
SPAK
A *SPIDER-TRACER* SHOULD LET ME FIND HIM!
NOW, THAT FIRE EXTINGUISHER!
THWIP
SPRAY'S TOO SLOW! BUT MAYBE IF THE FLAME RETARDANT IS RELEASED--
--ALL AT *ONCE*...!
KAFASSH

GOOD! CLEAR GAP LETTING THE COPS ESCAPE!
NOW MY *SPIDER-SENSE* CAN LEAD ME TO THE--
--TRACER? COULD'VE SWORN MY AIM WAS BETTER!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FIND HENSLEY THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY-- BY *LOOKING!*
NEED A CLUE, A HINT!
STUDENTS LOOKING UP AT THAT TOWER? COULD IT BE--?
AW, NO!
PROFESSOR! DON'T JUMP!
WHY NOT?
WHY?! BECAUSE THERE'S *ALWAYS* ANOTHER ANSWER!
I COULD TALK TO REED RICHARDS, PROFESSOR CONNORS! I'M SURE THEY'D HELP YOU FIND A SOLUTION!
AND IN THE MEANTIME? ACTUARIAL TABLES SAY I COULD LIVE ANOTHER THIRTY YEARS. THREE DECADES WITHOUT FEELING, IN A JAIL CELL OR PADDED ROOM?
WHAT ABOUT YOUR WIFE? YOUR GRANDDAUGHTER? HOW WILL *THEY* FEEL IF YOU DO THIS?!
I...I NEVER THOUGHT--! CAUSE THEM PAIN...BECAUSE I'M IN PAIN?
I NEVER WANTED THAT! PERHAPS... PERHAPS I'LL LET YOU...

EH--? SIRENS? MORE POLICE?
Y-YOU'VE GOT TO TELL THEM IT'S OKAY--!
BUT SOMETIMES, IF DECISIONS ARE TOO LATE IN THE MAKING...
...FATE DECIDES INSTEAD!
NO!
THWIP
SURFACE LIKE TEFLON! WEB SLIPPING OFF! THAT'S WHY MY TRACER DIDN'T STICK!
BUT HENSLEY'S GOT A HEAD START! AND EVEN I CAN'T FIGHT THE LAWS OF PHYSICS!
HOW CAN I POSSIBLY REACH HIM BEFORE--?
LATER...
HENSLEY'S "SHIELD" COULD COPE WITH BULLETS BUT NOT A FOUR-STORY FALL.
HE WAS A GOOD MAN, BUT HE WAS AFRAID, LET DESPERATION BLIND HIM TO HOPE. AND SOMETIMES, THAT'S ALL WE HAVE. BUT SOMETIMES, I GUESS...
...WE HAVE IT TOO LATE!
END.

IN THE MIND OF A MASTER

Hayden Sherman
Story and Art

IN TIMES LIKE THESE, I WISH I COULD GO BACK. TO DAYS WHEN THESE THINGS DIDN'T HAPPEN.
WHEN BODIES DIDN'T APPEAR IN THE STREETS, DRESSED IN MY OLD RED-AND-BLUES.
THIS ONE MARKS THE THIRD I'VE SEEN IN AS MANY DAYS.
SOMEONE WANTS MY ATTENTION, AND THEY'RE USING INNOCENTS TO GET IT.
THIS MUST END TONIGHT.

THE SCENE IS THE SAME EACH TIME.
THINK HE'S GOT I.D.?
IT'S SPANDEX, DAN.
PRONE.
RIGHT. HATE THIS PART.
COSTUMED.
GOTTA DO IT, MAN.
WITH AN EMPTY CANISTER IN THE RIGHT HAND.
THE REPETITION MUST MEAN SOMETHING.
IN SOME WAY, IT EVEN FEELS FAMILIAR.
A FEELING THAT ONLY DEEPENS WITHOUT THE MASK.
JUST LIKE THE LAST TWO, THIS FACE ITCHES AT SOME CORNER OF MY MIND.
I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE. HAVEN'T I?
STILL, THE MORE I LOOK, THE FURTHER AWAY THE MEMORY GETS.
I'LL NEED MORE INFORMATION IF I HOPE TO REACH IT.
ANOTHER JOHN DOE.
FOR NOW. O.C.M.E.'S NEARLY GOT THE FIRST TWO IDENTIFIED.
O.C.M.E.?
OF COURSE! TWO OPTIONS, PETE: SPEND DAYS RACKING YOUR MIND. OR...

...COMPARE NOTES WITH A PROFESSIONAL.
OCME
CITY OF NEW YORK
OFFICE OF CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER
C'MON, I'M BEAT.
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.
CAN'T DO MUCH WITHOUT THE SECOND FILE ANYWAY.
KLIK
WHICH I TAKE TO MEAN WE HAVE A FIRST.
JONATHAN VEITCH
JONATHAN VEITCH?
J. VEITCH
YEAH. YEAH, THAT'S VICTIM NUMBER ONE.
OKAY, SO A FEW ARRESTS, BUT LOOKS LIKE HE CLEANED UP YEARS AGO.
21. TAG NUMBER AND STATE
22b. POLICY NUMBER
22c. TELEPHONE NUMBER
(555) 881-2304
24b. TELEPHONE NUMBER
27. SEX
28. DATE OF BIRTH
33. DATE OF BIRTH
WHY WOULD IT ALL END LIKE...THIS?
PHOTO BY PETER PARKER.
MASTER PLANNER GANG CAPTURED
Photo by Peter Parker
LEADER'S IDENT
REVEAL
By FREDERICK FOSWE
New York, February 3rd-
gang under the monicker
"Master Planner" has
Yesterday, while th
finest responded to a
perpetrated by the illusive and
SO I HAVE SEEN ALL THREE VICTIMS BEFORE.
ALL TOGETHER, NO LESS. AS MEMBERS OF THE MASTER PLANNER GANG!
BUT I DISMANTLED THEM YEARS AGO WHEN I PUT AWAY THEIR LEADER, DOC OCK. WHY WOULD ANYONE TARGET THEM NOW?
AND WHY ARE THEY DRESSED LIKE ME?
LIKE ME BACK THEN.
BACK THEN.
THWIP

HOW COULD I MISS IT?
EACH ELEMENT POINTS IN ONLY ONE DIRECTION.
THE VICTIMS, THE CANISTERS, THE COSTUMES.
THREE REPEATED PIECES THAT HIGHLIGHT SOME MEASURE OF SHARED HISTORY.
AN INTERSECT POINT IN A BLIND ALLEY.
BEHIND A BROKEN LOCK.
I WAS WRONG TO SEE THESE MURDERS AS A SIMPLE CALL FOR MY ATTENTION.
EACH FABRICATED SCENE HAS BEEN SO MUCH MORE.
THEY'RE ME THE LAST TIME I FLED THIS LONG CORRIDOR.
ME WHEN I WAS DESPERATE AND BEYOND MY LIMIT.
ME WHEN I WAS...

...HERE.
DR. OCTOPUS' OLD "MASTER PLANNER" UNDERWATER BASE.
WHEN I ESCAPED FROM HERE YEARS AGO, THE ENTIRE THING HAD FLOODED.
I BARELY MADE IT OUT WITH MY LIFE. LET ALONE THE CANISTER OF ISO-36 SERUM I NEEDED TO SAVE MAY.
LOOKS LIKE *DAMAGE CONTROL* ATTEMPTED TO REPAIR AND SALVAGE WHAT THEY COULD. THEN LEFT A *MESS.*
THIS FEELS WRONG.
SPIDER-SENSE IS HUMMING. WARNING ME OF EVERY POORLY FIXED WALL, EVERY CRACK IN THE CONCRETE.
EACH LITTLE DANGER.
THIS PLACE CAN'T BE STABLE, AND YET...
...WHOEVER'S BEHIND THIS ALL HAS MADE IT THEIR HOME.
WHY?
WHAT ARE THEY AFTER?
WAIT!
THP
GAH!
YOU'RE EARLY.

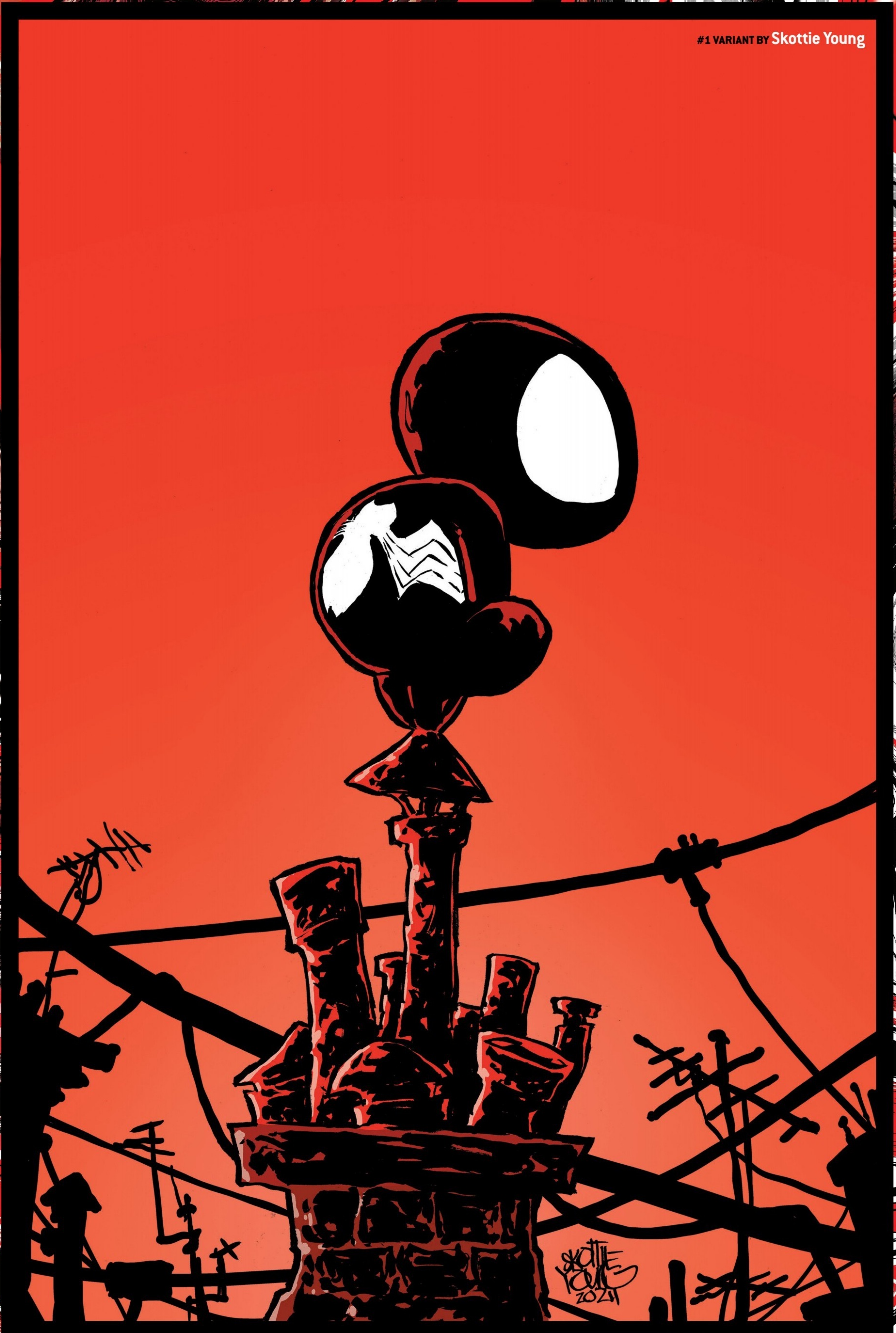
VIOLENT CRIMES HAVE ALWAYS GOTTEN YOUR ATTENTION BEST.
STILL, A SHAME I HAD TO KILL THREE OF MY BROTHERS TO GET THE INVITATION ACROSS.
YOUR... *BROTHERS?*
THE *MASTER PLANNER GANG.* DR. OCTOPUS' GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT.
"AND THE BEST THIS CITY *EVER* HAD.
"WE WERE UNTOUCHABLE.
"*FEARED.*"
BUT NOT *IMPORTANT.*
THAT TOOK SOMETHING WE COULDN'T PLAN FOR.
YOU. MY SPIDER-MAN.
"AGAINST YOU, WE BEGAN TO *MEAN* SOMETHING.
"WE WERE *DEFINED.*
"WE WOULD BE *REMEMBERED.*"
BUT THEN IT ALL ENDED. LIFE WENT ON. AND I COULD FEEL THAT IMPORTANCE FADING. UNTIL I REALIZED I COULD BRING US BACK, ME AND YOU...

...TO THE MOMENT THAT MATTERS.
WHAT?!
RELAX, I DIDN'T REMOVE YOUR NEW SUIT. THE SEDATIVE DOESN'T LAST LONG.
SEDATIVE. MUST BE WHY I FEEL SO WEAK.
WHY *THIS* MOMENT?
BECAUSE IT'S MINE.
JUST LIKE *MY SPIDER-MAN!*
WHOA!
SENSES ARE SLUGGISH TOO!
KINDA POSSESSIVE, *HUH?*
WOK
NEED TO KEEP HIM OFF-BALANCE.
DISORIENT HIM.
LET'S TALK BOUNDARIES.

TRY TO--
KRAK
OOF!
SHUT UP!
OKAY. BODY AND SENSES CAN SIT THIS ONE OUT.
THINK, PETER. *THINK.*
BTAM
HE'S OBSESSED. *SINGLE-MINDED.*
FIGHTING ME SEEMS TO GIVE HIM PURPOSE.
BREAK THE *PURPOSE.* BREAK THE *MAN.*
BEFORE HE...
...BREAKS ME.
AGH!
SHNK

PERFECT.
OR PERHAPS THAT'S IT.
SPISH
SO--HNH-- TELL ME--WHAT HAPPENS AFTER?
AFTER?
ONCE YOU'VE KILLED ME. WHAT'S NEXT?
KILL YOU? THAT'S NOT... NO... THE MOMENT NEEDS--
WRONG.
THE WORLD DOES NOT REWIND FOR YOU.
AND IT WILL NOT WAIT.
GAH.
IT NEVER HAS.
SO TELL ME.
B-BUT I COULDN'T. WITHOUT MY SPIDER-MAN, I'M--
NO.
I AM NOT...
...YOUR SPIDER-MAN!
NOOOO!
WHAM

SEARING PAIN BOUGHT ME JUST ENOUGH CLARITY TO SEE HIM FOR WHAT HE IS. AN ADDICT TO A TIME HE CAN'T RECAPTURE.
A MOMENT I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR.
THREE DEAD.
AND FOR *WHAT?*
NO GRAND PURPOSE.
NO MISGUIDED INTENTIONS.
JUST A MAN CLINGING TO HIS PAST.
WISHING TO GO BACK.
SUCH A SMALL THOUGHT. UNCHECKED, IT BECOMES ALL-CONSUMING.
THE PULL OF IT, THE STRENGTH OF THAT DESIRE, ONLY BECOMES GREATER WITH TIME.
I FEEL IT TOO.
YET IT'S A THOUGHT I MUST ALWAYS RUN FROM.
A SPIDER-MAN STUCK IN THE PAST IS NO GOOD TO ANYONE. I *MUST* BE WILLING TO MOVE FORWARD. AND HOPE THAT, ALONG THE WAY, WHATEVER GOOD I DO WILL OUTWEIGH THE BAD.
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WE *ALL* HAVE TO FIND OUR PLACE IN THE PRESENT.
END.



#1 VARIANT BY **Skottie Young**

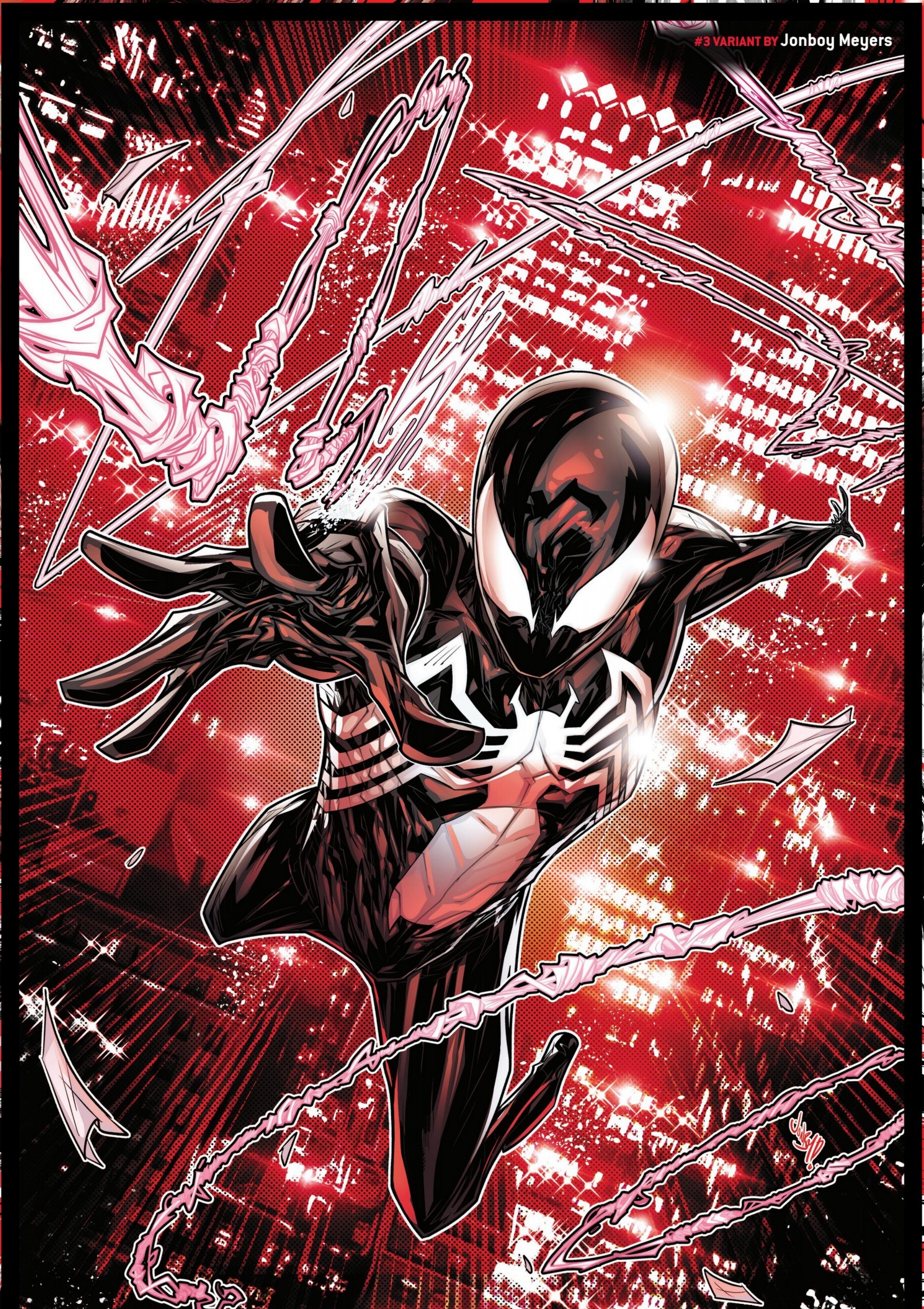
SKOTTIE YOUNG 2021

#2 VARIANT BY Mitsuhiro Arita

#2 VARIANT BY **Doaly**

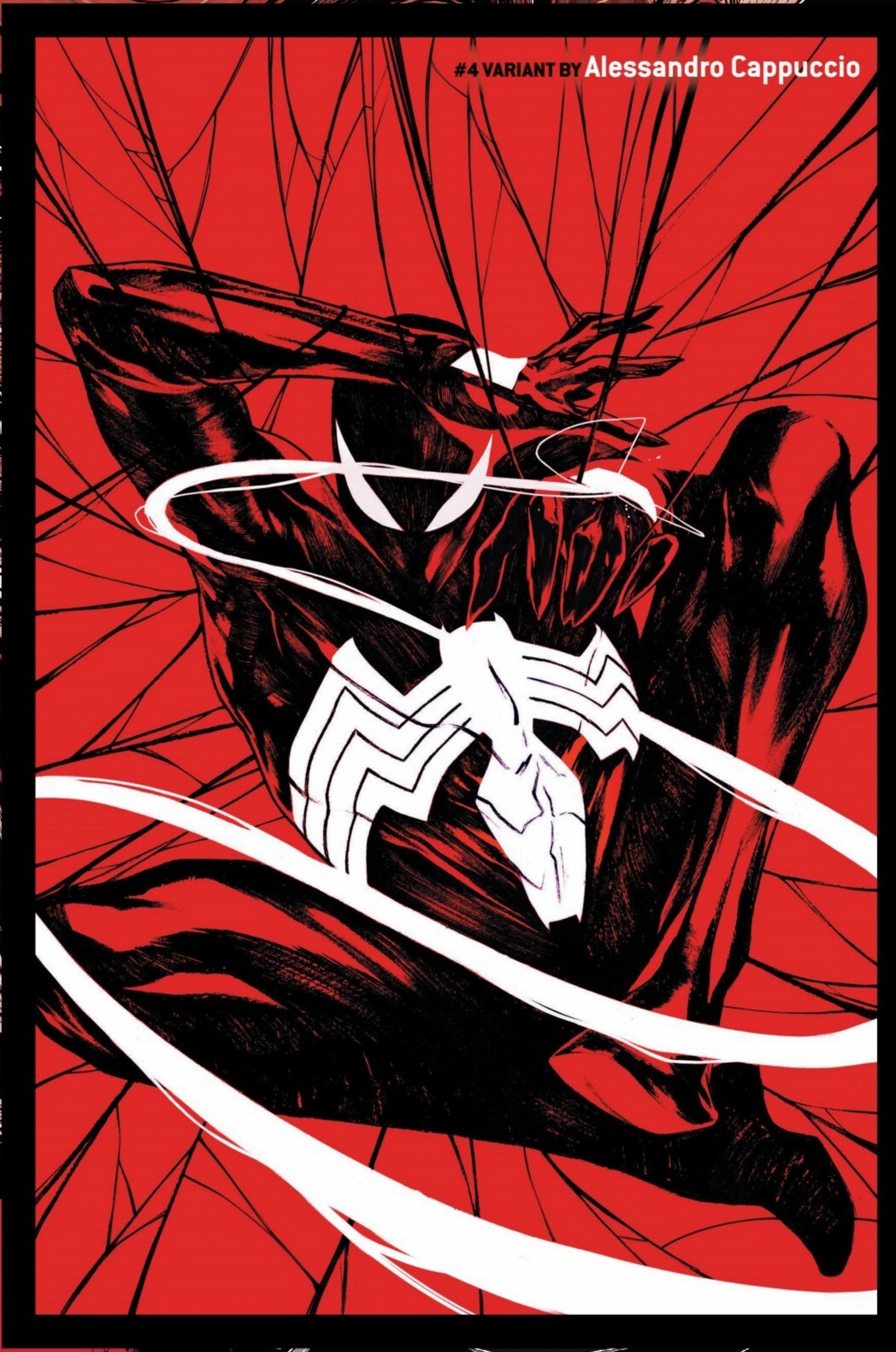
EVEL
ONLY
ONLY
ONLY
ONLY
ONLY

#3 VARIANT BY Dustin Nguyen



#3 VARIANT BY Jonboy Meyers

#4 VARIANT BY **Alessandro Cappuccio**



#4 VARIANT BY **Leonardo Romero**

CELEBRATING THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF SPIDER-MAN'S SENSATIONAL BLACK COSTUME!

An all-star lineup of writers and artists assemble to spin fresh tales of Spider-Man! J.M. DeMatteis returns to the pages of "Kraven's Last Hunt" to tell a never-before-seen story of Spidey's past! J. Michael Straczynski rips Peter Parker's (and the Symbiote's) heart out! Dustin Nguyen's stunning take on the wall-crawler will bring Spidey to uncharted heights! Greg Weisman and Javi Fernández take Peter and the Symbiote suit right to the bleeding edge! Erica Schultz and Marcelo Ferreira's Spidey shows no mercy! Legend Dan Jurgens writes and illustrates a bold new take on one of the most iconic chapters of Spider-Man's life! And much more — larger than life, in bold black, white and blood red!

COLLECTING *SPIDER-MAN: BLACK SUIT & BLOOD #1-4* — BY J.M. DeMATTEIS. J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI, DUSTIN NGUYEN, ALYSSA WONG, GREG WEISMAN, ERICA SCHULTZ, DAN JURGENS, AL EWING, JUSTINA IRELAND, LEONARDO ROMERO, G. WILLOW WILSON, DAVID MICHELINIE, HAYDEN SHERMAN, ELENA CASAGRANDE, SUMIT KUMAR, FRAN GALÁN, JAVI FERNÁNDEZ, MARCELO FERREIRA, JUANN CABAL, NETHO DIAZ, VALENTINA PINTI, TADAM GYADU, CRAIG YEUNG, ROBERTO POGGI, BRETT BREEDING, CAM SMITH, PROTOBUNKER'S DONO SÁNCHEZ-ALMARA, ANDRES MOSSA, CHRIS SOTOMAYOR, EDGAR DELGADO, RACHELLE ROSENBERG, LUIS WENCES AND DEE CUNNIFFE.

T+